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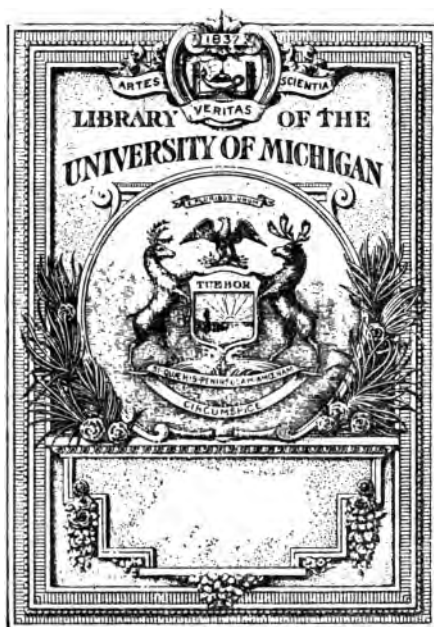
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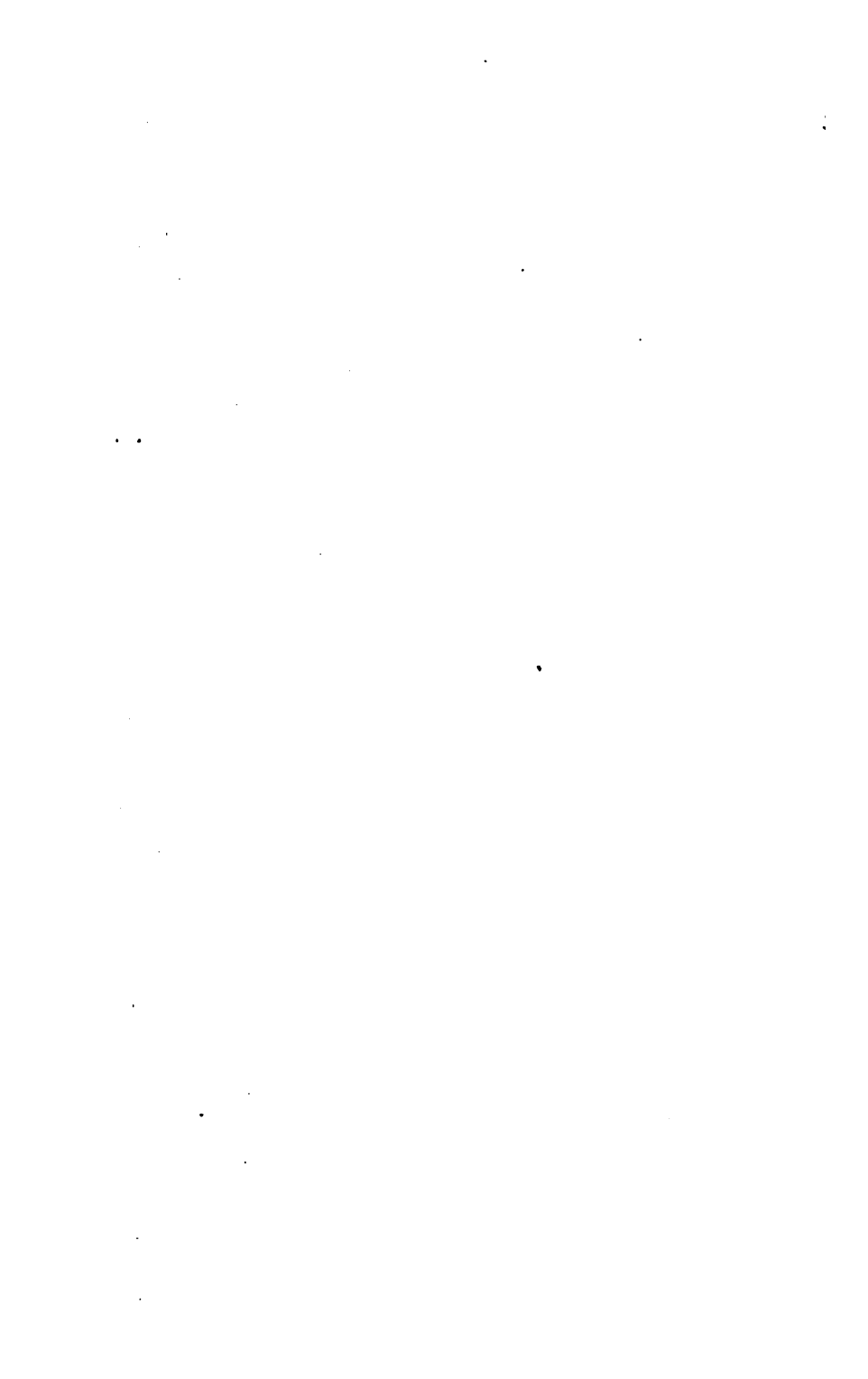
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JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN
THE NETHERLANDS IN
THE AUTUMN OF 1815
BY ROBERT SOUTHEY
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL



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INTRODUCTION

SOUTHEY wrote this Diary during one of the most prosperous periods of his anxious, laborious, and happy life. In 1813 Croker's influence with the Regent, backed up by Scott's, procured for him the appointment of Poet Laureate, with a salary of not more than £100.

“ That wreath which in Eliza's golden days
My master dear, divinest Spenser, wore ;
That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays,
Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel bore—
Grin, Envy, through thy ragged mask of scorn !
In honour it was given, with honour it is worn.”

Though he had stipulated that he should be excused the drudgery of composing birthday odes, he was quite alive to the duties of his position, and deemed himself bound to celebrate the victory of Waterloo. He did so in the verses entitled “The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo,” which is a fair specimen of his

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poems on public events. He had been enjoying for some years a good income from the *Quarterly* and from the Edinburgh "Annual Register," and had achieved his greatest success as a prose writer in his "Life of Nelson," published in 1813. His extensive poem, "Roderick the Last of the Goths," had been applauded by the *Edinburgh* as "the best and the most powerful of all Mr. Southey's poems." The *Quarterly* had declared that the work would "form an epoch in the literary history of his country," convey to himself "a name perdurable on earth, and to the age in which he lives a character that need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded." Southey himself complacently observed: "Nothing can be more absurd than thinking of comparing any of my poems with 'Paradise Lost.' With Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer there may be fair grounds of comparison." This praise had been followed by solid results in the way of cash, and Southey was induced to disturb the regularity of his life by taking a Continental journey. There were few men whom it was harder to move, few men who

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missed more the comfortable routine of his days. He dined at four, and then read himself asleep on his sofa. It was the short nap then enjoyed which he most missed of all things when by any chance away from home. He wakened for his tea, and turned to work again, especially happy if there were proof-sheets to correct. The correction of proofs was always the supreme luxury of his experiences. He supped lightly at nine, indulged himself for an hour or so with some solid folio, and a single glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black currant jelly—and so to bed. Though he was able to afford the expenses of this journey, yet it was not till 1834 that he found himself in possession of money sufficient for the usual demands of a year.

At the time of this excursion there was great peace in Southey's family circle. There never was a heart more acutely responsive than his to the joys and sorrows of family life. He traced all his happiness to his early marriage; and when in 1834 his wife's mind gave way, he said in one of his letters that for "forty years she had been the life of his life." To his children

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he was attached with peculiar tenderness, and there can be little doubt that his sufferings from bereavement gradually broke him down. The greatest sorrow of all was impending when he wrote this Diary, though he did not anticipate it. His eldest and most gifted son, Herbert, died on 17th April, 1816.

The Diary here printed is a simple and artless record, less elaborate than Southey's published works of the same kind, like the "Letters on Spain and Portugal"; but nevertheless pleasing and individual. No reader of Southey will expect a contribution to military history. The Duke of Wellington himself, speaking of Southey's "History of the Peninsular War," declared that Southey signally misapprehended his battles and campaigns. Southey's elaborate *Quarterly Review* article on the Duke of Wellington shows, however, that he had given much attention to his subject.

There are one or two glimpses of interesting people. Among them may be noted Mr. and Mrs. Locker. They were the parents of Frederick Locker-Lampson, who in his autobiography, "My Confidences," describes them at

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some length. Jonathan Boucher (not Bouchers) had a lively career, and died Vicar of Epsom, in 1804. His daughter, Mrs. Locker, the beauty of Cumberland, is described by her son as exceedingly handsome. "Tall and fine, she had a remarkably graceful carriage, a natural dignity of manner and movement; and this description held good when she was more than sixty years old. She had an innocent anxious face. She told me that she was very timid as a girl, and that when first married to my father she was afraid of him." She was much younger than her husband. Mr. Locker was a man of fine qualities, and an old and true friend of Sir Walter Scott. The glimpses of Southey as a book buyer are attractive. One wonders whether he bought his set of the "Acta Sanctorum" from the young man in "dirty but scholarlike costume," in a Ghent library. Whether or not, the "Acta" had a prominent place in his library. Lockhart sketches him there surrounded with the *élite* of his books, mostly Spanish and Portuguese, and bound in vellum. Works held unworthy of costly binding were clad in calico by the ladies of his family, and had a garret

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to themselves styled the Cottonian Library. Southey sat at a rather tall desk in the middle of the apartment, while three or four ladies were either busy with needlework by the fireside, or in corners copying extracts.

One notices here, as elsewhere, the immense influence which Southey's short stay in Spain and Portugal had upon his life. It unquestionably injured his literary work. He chose subjects like the "History of Brazil," which had little interest for Englishmen, and were related with fatal minuteness. Whitwell Elwin is right in saying that if Southey had remained at home during the critical period when his tastes were becoming fixed, he would have selected an English theme for his chief productions, and his fame would have been associated with some standard history of our language and literature. In this way the journey to Lisbon may have been in its permanent consequences a most unfortunate step in Southey's life. On the other hand, he had the utmost delight in the perpetual exhilaration of a climate that not merely, as he said, prolonged life, but gave him double the life while it lasted. The mere act of breathing

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was a positive pleasure. When he got back to England, his fondest hope, a hope never realised, was that he might obtain a position in Lisbon which would enable him to return and make it his home.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.



AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

I WAS not among those persons who took the earliest opportunity of going to the continent when, after having so long been closed to English travellers, it was once more opened upon the overthrow and abdication of Buonaparte. A journey which might have seemed easy from the south of England appeared formidable when contemplated in Cumberland; moreover, I was wedded to the enjoyments and occupations of domestic life; and my wishes as well as habits were so disciplined that, except now and then in books, I never incurred any expenditure which could with propriety be spared. If a thought of visiting France and Switzerland was ever entertained, it was in the potential mood, and in the *paulo-post-futurum* tense.

It happened, however, a few weeks after the battle of Waterloo, that my brother Henry,

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who was just married, asked me to join him in a bridal excursion which he was about to make with his wife's mother and sister—older friends of mine than of his. They proposed to go by way of Ostend to Brussels, visit the field of battle, proceed as far as Spa, if time would allow, and take Antwerp on their return. Tempted by this proposal, I prevailed, but not without much persuasion, on my wife to accompany me and take with us our eldest daughter, then in her twelfth year. The sale of *Roderick*, which had been recently published, was at that time such as fairly justified such an expenditure, and being, moreover, in some degree bound to celebrate the greatest victory in British history, I persuaded myself that if any person had a valid cause or pretext for visiting the field of Waterloo, it was the Poet Laureate. Henry Koster happened to be with us. Soon after his second residence in Brazil he came to visit me for a few days, and having taken his departure on the top of the stage coach, was brought back in a few hours with one of the muscles of the thigh split, in consequence of an overturn. The accident con-

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fined him several weeks ; he was now thoroughly recovered and easily obtained his father's leave to join a party of Lisbonians.

Our outset was singularly inauspicious. Some little delay had occurred on my side, and my brother had no time to lose, because of his professional engagements and the arrangements which he had made for supplying his place during his absence. When we drove up to his door in Queen Anne Street he was gone. My Uncle, instead of being at Streatham, was at his Hampshire living, and to compleat the series of disappointments Edith found that her two sisters, Martha and Eliza (the latter having lately come to London to visit the former) were gone to Ramsgate. She consoled herself with the expectation of seeing them there, from whence we were to embark, but when we arrived, behold, on that very morning they had embarked in the steamboat for their return. It was not without great difficulty that I had persuaded her to leave four children, the youngest only three years old, for this excursion. She had left home in ill health and worse spirits ; both worsened during the long journey

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from Keswick to Ramsgate, and the best hope I now had was that sea sickness, with the total and frequent change of air, scene and circumstance, would remove what began to appear a very formidable malady.



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OSTEND, *Saturday, Sept. 23, 1815.*

WE left Ramsgate yesterday morning at half after twelve, with so fair and fresh a breeze, that the Captain promised us a passage of eight or nine hours, or less, if the wind should hold. It slackened, and we did not arrive at Ostend till four the next morning. Sixteen hours, however, cannot be called a bad passage; the average is from ten to twelve. My brother and his party were forty-three. The fare is a guinea and half, and you provide yourself. But there is a system of exaction at Ramsgate which is not confined to the Albion Hotel. Dawson, the agent for the packet, seeing my daughter, said that her fare would

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be sixteen shillings. Capt. Aylesbury, of the *Lord Liverpool*, seeing her also, rated her at twenty. I offered to pay him at the time, but he chose rather to receive the money at Ostend, and then demanded by his mate full price ~~for~~ the child. The plea for this was that she had occupied a whole berth; but this he knew she must have done, if we were out at night. She suffered a good deal from sickness; her mother, to whom it might have proved remedial, wholly escaped it. The little food which I took was taken *in commendaro* for the fishes, and faithfully rendered up to them.

There came on rain about two in the night, so that I lost the entrance of the harbour, which, tho' of little importance, I am yet sorry that I did not see. We lay close to the quay, and the packet was presently filled with porters, all speaking English, and all contending who should carry the passengers' luggage. An Irishman belonging to the veteran battalion came among them, but he was treated as an interloper; and enough passed upon this occasion to show that there was a jealousy between the natives and the garrison. We ended the

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dispute by leaving our trunks on board, and when we returned for them gave the preference, as was proper, to the people of the place. At the Custom House we found more dispatch and much more civility than foreigners under like circumstances would meet with in England. My first business, of course, was at the Banker's. The money which I took up there was all in French coin, which it seems is current everywhere. *Dieu protège la France* is inscribed around the edge. I observed on a five-franc piece, bearing date An. XI., *Napoleon Empereur* on one side, and *Republique Française* on the other. The pieces of later date have *Empire Française* and the Christian era.

Had we arrived last night we could not have been lodged at the *Cour Imperiale*, to which Bedford and Herrier had directed me. The apartments, they told us there, were all full, owing to the concourse of people returning from the Coronation at Brussels. We were introduced to the public room, which is large and wainscotted; the pannels of a light blue or French grey, with mouldings, and a brown edging; the framing or interstices tea colour.

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It has three looking-glasses, two between the three windows, and the third, a tall one, over the chimney-piece. The floor is boarded and strewn with sand—an uncomfortable custom. There are large square tables in two corners of the room, another such against the wall opposite the windows, and two long tables, each formed of two such, in the middle of the room. These tables are all covered with a green oil-cloth, which is let in, like the cloth or leather of a writing-table. The chairs are inexpensive, and well-shaped for ease, with round rush-bottoms; the backs are of cherry tree, and in form not unlike the present fashion of broad-banded dining chairs in England, but rather more concave and lower in the back. A bill of prices is hung up in the room. Dinner at the *table d'hôte*, 2fr. 50 per head; private dinners, from 5 to 18fr.; breakfast, 2fr.; apartments from 3 to 9fr. per day; bedrooms, 2fr., meaning, I suppose, such as are distinct from the sitting-room—the lodging-rooms of those who live at the public table. Wines are from 3 to 10fr. per bottle. Claret is the cheapest upon this list; Burgundy d'Enclos de Vegetan the

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highest priced ; port, Hermitage, and Rhenish of the best quality, 7fr. each. When I enquired whether Ladies dined at the *table d'hôte*, the waiter replied in his English that the *biggest* persons in the town dined there. This suits us, the dinner being at one, and the vessel for Bruges departing at three. It pleases us, because we shall see more of Flemish manners and customs ; and, moreover, in the present case there is no alternative.

I went into the court to wash myself ; the bason was most inconveniently shallow, being just like a small sallad-dish. They brought me soft black soap and a check towel, which I did not perceive to be dirty till I had used it : a bad specimen this of Flemish cleanliness ! That my face might undergo its due ablutions I went to the pump, and did not at first discover that it had a cock instead of a common spout—a proof this that they cannot afford to waste fresh water.

The bread is shaped like a ring, as if it had been consecrated to my old Portugeze acquaintance Our Lady of the round O. They call it *pain de trou*, which may properly be englished ring-bread ; or we should call them simply rings,

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as we speak of twists. Edith May saw the baker bringing a number of them on his arm, like so many bracelets. I perceive the reason of this form: the waiter, who is now laying the bread for dinner, cuts the loaf up with more ease and rapidity than he could do were it in any other form. Nothing can be better than the bread; the butter equally excellent; coffee abominable and no cream. The urn unlike anything which bears that name in England, but not ugly, if the workmanship had been good or the vessel itself plain. It has large handles and a large clumsy brass cock, and there is a wooden tripod of unpainted wood for a stand. While we were at breakfast a man in the street blew a long brazen horn to give notice that the hot bread was ready.

The town is handsome, if compared with English towns; the streets clean, straight and spacious. There was in the morning an Edinburgh or Lisbon odour, evincing that unfit use was made of the windows. And to this the gutters bore some evidence in their colour. But the maids are so busy with their besoms that little of this remains, and the men who

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walk about with pipes in their mouths are numerous enough to diffuse a wholesome savour of tobacco through the streets.

The only booksellers' shop which I could find afforded me nothing better than a school book half vocabulary, half grammar, in French and Flemish.

I led Edith May to a large Calvary at one of the Churches, it stands at the foot of the tower, under a shallow porch which forms part of the edifice. The image on the cross and the personages kneeling round it are as large as life and coloured to the life. In front there is a foreground of stones and skulls; and under this, which is raised some 20 feet from the ground, is a picture of the souls in Purgatory.

The churches into which I entered contained little that was interesting; and there were only three or four old women in them at their devotions. In the porch of one there was an inscription to forbid the entrance of dogs. Near the Town-House, which is in the great Square or *Place*, there is a tall pillar with an iron at the top, bent like a shepherd's crook. Thinking of the *pellourinho* in Portuguese towns, I asked

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if this were used for a gallows, and was told in reply that they never hang at Ostend, and that a large lanthorn was suspended from this pillar in winter. The market in this Square and in a smaller *place* hard by remarkably good. Poultry and rabbits in great abundance, live partridges and quails; eggs in baskets-full, salt-fish whiter and cleaner than I had ever before seen it exposed for sale, and in one corner a heap of wooden shoes upon the ground. It is surprizing how commonly English is spoken and understood. We bought some grapes in the market. I took a bunch and asked *how much*, expecting the language would pass current; the woman replied four pence a pound—so the money is current also. But she exchanged my shilling as a franc, that is, as ten-pence—the rate of exchange in such purchases. Upon our landing a man presented himself to take our passports, and get them approved. When he brought them to the Inn I gave him two francs, and was blamed by some Englishmen for so doing; they said he had volunteered his services merely in the hope of obtaining money, and told me that in all fees and pay-

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ments I must consider two francs as equal to half-a-crown in England. I may have given the man a franc more than he expected, but in letting him take the passport for ratification I followed the usual and useful practice.

Most of the shops have English inscriptions, such as, "Here is sold *every all* sorts of liquor." The houses in general are very good; the gable-end to the street, and with corbie-stairs as in Scotland. There is plainly no window-tax here, operating to outward disfigurement and inward discomfort; the windows are many, large, and ornamented, with rounded or arched tops. One house I noticed which is painted the whole front of a grass green. The women wear large ear-rings; I saw some with silver necklaces, and one whose kerchief was fastened with a plate of silver large as the plate of brass with my name on the port-manteau. They wear large cloaks; those of the poorer classes look as if they were made of old bed-linen furniture; and some are of patchwork.

Among the signs I remarked, at a Tobacconist's, a red cat, smoking a pipe; it was in carving, and larger than life.

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Writing this while the waiter was laying the tables for dinner, I had an opportunity of asking why certain plates were reversed upon the napkins. They are for persons who dine here by the week, and use the same napkin from Sunday to Sunday. Pepper is placed in a separate salver, beside the salt—a sensible custom this.

Leather is not so much used as in England. I saw a man seated in front of a long low waggon, driving by a long rope. Where the streets cross the gutter is covered with wooden doors; it thus offers no obstruction to carriages, and can be cleaned with ease. There is a Beguinage in this street (Rue de la Chapelle), a large building of conventual appearance, with a large walled garden. It adjoins the Church with the Calvary. The waiter tells me there are about twenty Beguines, and that strangers are admitted only on Sundays. The large wooden gates are kept close, and forbid even the eye to enter.

The dinner at the *table d'hôte* was excellent. The dishes were handed in through a sliding door in the wall. The company consisted

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almost entirely of English, and not of the best sort. There were only two ladies, who, finding no room at the long table, were at a smaller one; so that Edith naturally enough felt uncomfortable, and we withdrew before the desert.

Our luggage (surely as little as four travellers of gentle appearance and pretensions ever set forth with) was placed upon a hand-cart, and away we went to the waterside, where we embarked in a boat which carried us along the harbour to the mouth of the Bruges canal. There were not many ships in the port, yet enough to show in these still waters and between these level shores that sort of beauty whereof some great painters have become enamoured. A man was fishing from a boat in the harbour: the net was extended by four long and pliant ribs, like those of an umbrella, and thus suspended from the mast, and he, winding it up and down by a windlass, managed it alone. It rained while we were in the boat, and when we went on board the *Trekschuit*—embarking, as I suppose, at the very place which the English, in one of Mr. Pitt's expeditions, so absurdly destroyed, and which, when made prisoners,

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they were very properly compelled to labour in repairing. This was a fact which I did not call to mind without some sense of humiliation.

The *Trekschuit*, being flat-bottomed, is much more roomy than would be supposed from its size. The best cabin is somewhat splendidly fitted up with cut crimson plush, a seat covered with the same material running round it. There are cabins both at the head and stern, and in the middle a large apartment full of market-women returning from Ostend. The confusion of tongues seemed in our ears to resemble that at Babel, and the vessel itself was a perfect Ark, which some Flemish Antiquary might prove to be built upon the traditional model of Noah's. It was tantalizing to be kept below by a heavy rain, accompanied by so much wind that I could not keep a window open without incommoding some of the passengers, and this I had neither right nor inclination to do. On the lee side there was luckily a pane wanting in the frame, and thro' this scanty aperture Edith May and I spied what we could as the Ark glided along. The banks are protected with rows of hurdle or basket-work, five or six in depth we counted,

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and were told that they were eight or nine thick. I thought I saw rat-holes in the banks.

There were two Flemings in the cabin with us, well-behaved and sensible men. I learnt from one of them that the Beguines were of two orders, one being bound by irrevocable vows, and that this order had not been restored. In the Ramsgate packet was an old lady returning to her native place, Brussels, from which she had been absent eighteen years. She told me that the Beguines lived in community, five or six together under the superintendence of an elder sister, for some seven years, after which they lived as they pleased. Beguinages, according to her account, are rather like Alms-houses than Convents.

The rain ceased and we ascended the deck. An iron tiller passes under the state part of the deck, and rises somewhat in the form of a note of interrogation, or the letter S reversed, (?) thus. The pilot stood with his crupper leaning against the handle, and thus with perfect nonchalance steered the vessel. It was drawn by four horses, fastened to two ropes; but we had so fair a wind that their work was easy,

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and we advanced about five miles an hour. The country, which towards Ostend had little to recommend it, except the cleanliness of the houses and the appearance of competence and comfort, improved here. There were fewer houses and more trees, and we soon perceived all the features of the Flemish landscape. Fresh as I am from Derwentwater, I can feel the beauties of this kind of country, and understand how it should have produced so many painters. It has everything which is soothing and tranquil—still waters, a wide horizon, delicious verdure, fertility and shade. Trees are not considered injurious to agriculture here, or more probably their value overbalances any injury which they may occasion. The pollard willow often bore no mean resemblance to the cocoa, its light boughs feathering on all sides. Poplar and aspin are more common than elm and oak, and there are no large trees. Their shade might be detrimental, or the regular cutting is lucrative. The cultivation seems to be beautiful—no weeds, no waste: the fields all in parallelograms of different forms and sizes, and all with trees along the ditches which divide them, giving to

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the whole country a woodiness seldom seen in England, and never as accompanying a high state of agricultural improvement. There is a great proportion of garden land. Woad is grown here, and much used as a dye in the Bruges manufactures, I believe. All the houses which we past were neat and apparently comfortable, the doors and window shutters were generally of a bright green. The bridges over this noble canal are so constructed as to wheel round and afford passage for the vessel.

We reached Bruges a little before dusk; its towers as we approached were seen very finely over this sort of country. A crowd gathered round us upon our landing, and a fellow offered to take us and our luggage for two franks to the Fleur de Bled, whither Bedford had recommended me. The carriage proved to be a cabriolet, on which the driver most incommodiously and not very decently sits close before the persons whom he drives. Into this vehicle the two Ediths were put, and Koster and I trotted beside them to the hotel. Upon my presenting a five-frank piece for change the man offered me two, claiming the third partly as a gratuity,

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partly for the luggage. I resisted, and even in my embarrassed French put him in some degree to shame, maintaining that it was at my pleasure to give or withhold the third frank, a bargain having been made for two. But whether I saved my credit or not, I lost my money.

The apartment to which we were shown was a bedchamber in a tower, to which we ascended by a winding flight of stone stairs. I asked if there was no sitting-room, and we were then introduced into the public hall. Here we immediately recognized a party who had come over in the same packet, and had left Ostend in the morning, travelling by land. They were sitting at their dessert after a late dinner, and happening to be the only persons in the room, greeted us as acquaintance. The only previous intercourse we had had was at Ostend, where while we were breakfasting in separate parties, the Lady happened to hear me say, as I was writing my journal, that for the first time in my life I had forgotten to provide myself with blotting paper; upon which she rose and requested that she might supply me. Nothing farther had passed. But they had seen my

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name when I signed it upon leaving the packet; and some of those hooks and eyes were now presently found out by which any two persons of a certain sphere, in so small a country as England, can hitch on an acquaintance. Mrs. Vardon, the lady in question, has a sister who is married to my old schoolfellow and Oxford acquaintance George Maule; and Knox is tutor to her sons at Westminster and passed the last holydays at her house, which is at Greenwich, and is called Crawley, belonging to an extensive iron concern. Mr. Vardon and their daughter are of the party; Miss Foreman, niece to the widow of my poor old friend Charles Collins; and Mr. Nash, a deformed man of uncommonly winning manners. He is an artist, and has returned from India with a liver complaint.

The Vardons had been at Bruges last year, and on their arrival now had been welcomed by the people of the hotel as old acquaintance. Thro' their introduction, and the good humour of the Flemish character, we were presently at home in the house, and as the evening was cool, and our feet somewhat damp, we got into the kitchen. No painter ever had a richer

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subject than this admirably characteristic scene affords. We stood in a large open chimney, something shallower than those in old farm-houses. Here large brazen fountains were boiling over a wood fire on the hearth; and teal or pigeons were roasting in a cylinder (like a candle-box) against a fire in the wall on the right. Behind was a row of stoves with charcoal fires where the process of stewing was going on. A dresser in the middle. The roof had its black rafters. A board with nails and figures is against the wall, where each inmate when he goes out hangs the key of his apartment, under its correspondent number, the key having the number of the door on a brass plate attached to the handle; the host is then responsible for all which is entrusted to his care.

So much business, so much cooking, and so much good nature I never saw in one place before. We were all there. The Landlady, a compleat Flemish figure, fat and good tempered, with that familiarity which we want in England, shewed us her children, and produced a chalk drawing which her son Louis Souriez

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(a boy only 8 years old, who studies at the School of design), had just finished for his father's birthday. It was a head of St. Peter; for a student of ripe years it would have been a fine production, and for one so young, Mr. Nash pronounced it almost miraculous. The Landlady might indeed well be proud of her family—I have seldom seen a finer. Annette, the eldest, reminded me painfully of what Nancy Tonkin was, so exceedingly strong was the likeness, both in size, features, and expression. Tho' not more than fourteen, she keeps the accounts of the house, a business which too probably may cost her her health, for she can rarely sit down to it till after midnight. The youngest, about three years old, a little bigger than my Isabel, is a beautiful creature; and all have the same beauty and the same intelligent cast of countenance. The work of preparing supper for the public table went on while we were seeing the drawings and playing with the child; no person was disturbed or hindered in their business; and it was evident that our presence seemed rather to give pleasure than otherwise. An English cook would have driven

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us out with the ladle ; or indeed we should as soon have exposed ourselves to the yard-mastiff's teeth as to her tongue.

The supper was excellent. Beer is placed on the table in half-gallon decanters. The custom here seems to be that the first course should consist of white meats, the second of brown. The porcelain is coarse and thick.

Sunday, Sept. 24.

During the night the dog got into the fowl-house and killed thirteen fowls ; but no loss was sustained, for they served for dinner and supper just as well. The mode of cookery here makes any mutilation or disfigurement of no consequence.

Our beds were like the pictures in Quarles' Emblems, and as these are originally Flemish, the fashion has not been altered during the last two hundred years. There are no bed-posts, and the curtains, which are from twelve to fifteen feet high, fall sloping in a tentlike shape from a sort of canopy suspended from

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the ceiling. They are of brown Holland, or something resembling it. The bedstead is a kind of box, rather more than a foot deep, filled with a straw matrass, upon which the other matrasses are laid as usual. And the bolster is half as large as the bed, a most uneasy fashion for those who have not been used to it.

At breakfast boiling milk was brought with the tea. Cream appears not to be in use. The bread and butter are the best possible, but the butter is not presented in so neat a form as it is in the West of England ; it seems to be scooped from the pot with a fluted spoon. The urn is heated by charcoal in its bottom, where there are holes to admit the air.

We went to the Cathedral with Annette for our guide. The outside is imposing for its magnitude rather than for its architecture ; within, tho' it has been injured by white-washing, it is exceedingly fine. Large stone images of Apostles and Saints (of a better colour) are placed one against each pillar, about half-way up, not in niches, but standing out upon a Gothic pedestal, so that the whole figure comes

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forward. Before each a large gilt candlestick branches out from the column below, but these were not lighted. The church, notwithstanding its great size, was well filled, and certainly by a devout congregation. Many had chairs, and many were kneeling. While the great body of the assembly were attending High Mass, others were offering their lateral devotions at particular altars, of which (as usual) the Church is full. The organ is exceedingly powerful. The service seemed in truth to fill the Church. There was nothing cold and meagre; the eye and the ear were satisfied; the incense delighted another sense, and my prayer (for I also prayed) was that it might please God to enlighten this people in His own good time, and that they might not (as too surely we have done) pluck up the flower with the weed, the wheat with the tares. After mass, the Belgian soldiers marched in by beat of drum to a mass of their own. Never did I hear anything so dizzying, so terrific, so terrible as the sound—no fife or other instrument to attemper it. It could not be imitated in a theatre, for no theatre could give the dreadful reverberation which the arches here produced

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on every side. Two men with axes stood near the altar, and the soldiers, who were drawn up in military order, shouldered, presented arms, and grounded at the elevation. Mr. Nash was almost overpowered by the stunning sound, and he was shocked at the military display, which to his feelings was thus irreverently introduced. It impressed me differently, and I felt what such a ceremony would be worth in a besieged town.

This day fortnight we were at the little Chapel of St. John's, so wildly situated on the fell between the Vale of St. John's and Nathdale. What a contrast both between the places of worship and the service!

Robbed as this Cathedral has been of its riches, it was not apparent to the eye that anything was wanting in its proud display; yet the lamps, candlesticks, censers, &c., were once of accordant splendour. The monuments and the pictures might delight and employ antiquaries and artists for many days. There is a picture of St. Barbara's martyrdom, by a pupil of David, who took his sister for the Saint and a butcher for the murderer. He might with perfect pro-

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priety have taken his master in that character. It is of no great merit; but St. Barbara, or Holy Barbara, as an English or Irish Catholic who volunteered some information concerning her to me in the Church called her, seems to be in great fashion at Bruges. I bought her Litany in Flemish from a nice old woman who sold such things in the Church. She had also waxen legs, arms, &c., for sale, and plenty of such offerings were hanging up in proof of the popular devotion. St. Barbara is the advocate here against sudden death, and her Litany says nothing about her virtue as a conductor in a thunderstorm. Printed notifications of recent deaths are affixed to the Church doors, requesting prayers for the deceased. Over some of the tombs on the outside there are crucifixes large as life. One family burial-place, Annette told us, was immediately opposite the house of the family to which it belongs.

We went next to the Church of Notre Dame, which is finer than the Cathedral externally, but less impressive within. Here we were shown the tombs of Charles the Bold and Marie his daughter, by the very man who during the

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Revolution saved them from destruction at the imminent hazard of his life. Several writers have related the fact, but without mentioning his name, which is not to their own credit. He wrote it, at my request, in my memorandum-book, *Pierre De Zitter*. This interesting person is a man of singular benignant countenance, with dark eyes, tall, and rather thin. He took the tombs to pieces during the night and buried them. For this he was proscribed, and a reward of 2000 francs set upon his head, but he fled into Holland. Buonaparte, after his marriage into the Austrian family, gave him one thousand and expended ten in ornamenting the chapel wherein they had been replaced. But it has not been fitted up with any taste or feeling; the roof is blue, with stars of gold, and the windows of stained glass, poor of their kind. The monuments themselves are rather costly than beautiful—gilt brass ramifications upon a black touchstone ground, bearing emblazoned shields. But few tombs are more interesting for the thoughts and recollections which they call forth. Louis 15th, upon seeing them in 1745, exclaimed, "Behold the cradle of all former wars!"

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Mr. Nash pointed out to me in one of the public buildings a figure of Justice, with wolves lying peaceably on one side and sheep on the other, and with a plum-line instead of a balance in her hand—a better emblem, the balance being so easily deranged. The image of Justice over the entrance to Dublin Castle always had the scales unequal, but Mr. Richman sent a man to make holes in them and let the rain water out.

The Town House, and the adjoining Chaple of the Holy Blood, must have been very fine, before the former was mutilated and the latter destroyed by the rabble, when the revolutionary madness was at its height. A little turret which remains is singularly picturesque. But the whole city is one series of pictures. All the houses are decorated on the outside; all have an air of undilapidated antiquity; little or nothing has been added; but in the domestic buildings there is as little appearance of demolition or decay. Everything was well built and is well preserved. In those houses which are not faced with brick, the prevailing colour seems to be white with green windows, a combi-

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nation which is very pleasing. The bricks for the ornamental parts are made in moulds to the form required, and they have taken a good weather stain. The ornamental parts of every house, and the abundance of large windows, show that wealth abounded when they were built, and however wealth may have declined, the habitations are still light, airy, cheerful, spacious, commodious as human dwellings ought to be. The general impression is something such as Oxford and Cambridge produce—only Bruges carries you back more entirely to former times. Mrs. Vardon happily said you might expect to see heads set in the ruffs of Elizabeth's day looking out of such windows. The whole city is in keeping, and it has one especial charm which heightens all the rest; as there are no appearances of great opulence, so are there none of squalid poverty; poor houses there are, but no wretched ones—no sties of filth and brutality and misery; poor people, but none of those objects who make you shudder and tremble for a society in the bosom of which such wretches are multiplied. All are well housed, all sufficiently even when meanly

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clothed. There is an almost universal appearance of competence in a degree which I have never seen elsewhere. And the inhabitants are a handsome race.

We went up the singular tower of that edifice which forms one side of the great square. People live in it whose business it is to give the alarm in case of fire. I should have copied a poem in Flemish, which is in the upper room, wherein *Turris loquitur*, if some parts had not been effaced. The chimes played while we were there, but the noise of the machinery, though perhaps hardly audible below, and certainly not heard at some little distance, compleatly overpowered the music. There are two bells here so large that to my remembrance Tom of Lincoln does not appear larger. The tower is equally remarkable for its height and construction. It seems originally to have ended at less than a third of its present elevation. From thence a second stage is carried up in the same square form, and from the second a third, which is either octagonal or polygonal, and appears to be top-heavy, as if it widened towards the summit.

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At the corner of the house, which is now the Academy of Design, there is a very grotesque figure, the size of life; it is a white bear, in boots, standing upright, with the collar of some order round his neck, a shield on his breast, and an inscription underneath, written in the fashion of that most provoking absurdity, the chronogram, thus :

1417

T'LUYster LYCK
toUrnoY. – genootsChap
Van Den Witten WeIr
WIert VernIeUWt
In De poorters LogIe

I believe this means that the illustrious Tourney fellowship of the White Bear has been renewed and holds its meetings in the porter's lodge. The date is not worth decyphering, nor perhaps if I had understood the words while I was copying them, should I have thought them worth the trouble of copying, especially as a crowd of boys got round me. The portrait of Van Eyck is within, the supposed inventor of painting in oil. He was buried at Bruges, and his epitaph is now placed under his picture.

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Hic jacet eximia clarus virtute Joannes,
In quo picturæ gratia mira fuit.
Spirantes formas, et humum florentibus herbis
Pinxit, et ad vivum quodlibet egit opus
Quippe illi Phidias et cedere dabat Appelles
Arta quoque inferior cui Polycretus erat.
Ipse est qui primus docuit miscere colores,
Hos oleo exprimere et reddere perpetuos
Pictores stupuere vivum, stupuere vapertum
Quo perseveran est sine fine color.
Crudeles igitur, crudeles dicite Parcas,
Quæ tantum nobis cripuere vivum.
Actum sit lacrymis, incommutabile fatum
Vivat ut in cœlis sæpe precare Deum.

HoC ita restaUraVIT aCaDeMIoe zeaLU.

The pictures in this Academy are of little value.

At the *table d'hôte* we met Mr. and Mrs. Locker. He had been Lord Exmouth's secretary and called on me last year soon after his marriage with this lady (a daughter of Jonathan Bouchers), the beauty of Cumberland. Locker, by the testimony of all who know him, is a very accomplished, excellent and obliging man. He recognised Nash as an Indian

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acquaintance and showed us a book full of sketches which equally proved his industry and skill. His advice was that we should proceed from Waterloo to Namur, and so along the Meuse to Liege, and he especially recommended that we should on no account omit seeing the quarries at Maestricht. He has a sister in a Nunnery here, where she has professed.

We met the boys of the Lyceum ; they have a dress much like the bluecoat boys.

Monday, Sept. 25.

Our bill amounted to 64 francs.

After breakfast we embarked for Ghent in a Trekschuit, which has obtained the reputation of being both the best and cheapest public conveyance in the world. The scene at the point of embarkation, by the iron gates at the end of the canal, was delightful for any one who has a painter's eye. Vast numbers of people were arriving, many in carriages of sundry odd forms : the most remarkable of these vehicles was made entirely of black leather, having a hole at which to creep in

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and out, instead of a door. It was of venerable antiquity. An English chariot which we took on board was some nuisance by the room which it occupied, and the persons to whom it belonged were no addition to the society of the passengers. There was a bloody hand on the arms. They were said to be Mr. Peel and Sir Charles Saxton, on their duelling expedition, and so they proved to be, tho' I did not recollect the latter, neither did he recognise me. They sate either in the carriage or on the box the greater part of the day, and when they alighted they kept at the head of the vessel aloof from everybody.

The *Trekschuit* has a canopy at the stern, somewhat of a bell shape, which must certainly impede its way when going against the wind : on the top of this is a painted plume of feathers. There are two cabins below and between them, kitchens, *commodities* (the word is a commodious one), and heaven knows what beside. It was full of passengers, of whom a great proportion were English. The Vardons were there. A half-cast man, travelling with a lady whom I supposed to be his wife for the time being, contrived to enter into conversation with me,

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and let me know that he had been a pupil of Tilbrooke's at Cambridge. He was a well-informed person ; and I agreed with him perfectly upon the injustice with which men of his colour are treated, and the gross impolicy. He was the first, he said, who had been allowed to practise at the bar ; this must mean the Indian bar, for I know of no law or custom which could prevent him from practising in England. (I afterwards learnt from Wordsworth that his name is Eton.) Edward Blore was there, a young artist of great promise ; he had been fellow-passenger with us from Ramsgate ; and Ensign Sargent, son of an Irish member—for Waterford, I believe. This gentleman told us an Irish anecdote quite worthy of preservation. A man was brought before his father for having been one of the most active persons in a terrible riot, taken in the fact. Nevertheless he protested he was as innocent as the babe unborn. As he was passing that way, he said, thinking of nothing at all, he saw a number of people fighting, upon which he grasped his shillelah and ran among them, saying, " God grant that I may take the right side ! " and this

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was all the share he had in it, being perfectly innocent of any concern in the quarrel, and indeed not knowing what it was.

One passenger, hearing me express an opinion in favour of the East India Missionaries, made up to me and let me know that he was a Bible Society man from Ratcliffe Highway. I believe another day would have made us acquainted with the history of everybody on board.

The scene where we embarked was very beautiful : garden cultivation and country houses—that is, suburban retreats ; a swan plying about the Trekschuit and looking as usual to be fed by the passengers ; the water alive with fish, water-lillies (a rare sight on navigable waters, but these are perfectly still, and the canal is of such an age that nature has made it completely her own) ; and Bruges with its majestic towers to compleat the picture. The weather too was as joyous as heart could wish. We started at forty minutes after nine, nine being the stated hour, the wind was against us, and the rate of towing from three miles an hour to three and a half. The country for some dis-

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tance had the same character of fertility, industry and beauty, but at length we got between high banks which obstructed all view, except of the long straight line before and behind generally bordered with willows. No corn or hay in stacks, all I suppose being housed, many stacks of brushwood, in such quantity indeed as to explain how the trees are kept down in their growth; very few cattle, and what there are seemed to be tethered, because of the want of hedges; very few sheep, and scarcely any swine. I am inclined to think that there are no field paths from village to village or house to house; perhaps the ditches and rigid economy of ground will not allow of them. But here and there straight narrow lanes, between lines of willows, have a charm of their own, such as I have felt near Oxford; and such as the Willow Walk between Tothill Fields and Chelsea may have had when Aaron Hill expatiated upon the rural beauties thereabouts. There was something very singular in the silence and solitude of the landscape, for though the agriculture proved the existence of an ample and active population, we saw very

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few people, and none whatever in the fields ; only a few stray travellers.

It proved to be a *Kermis* or fair day. In one place a party of women were seated before the door, playing cards in the sun ; and in a village by which we passed there were booths for drink and gingerbread, and music and dancing in the houses. In some parts, where the banks are high and the course of the canal not straight, pleasing landscapes, tho' very confined, are formed by the slope of the dam, a cottage or two on the top, and the trees. The dam is often, perhaps generally, made in two shelves or steps, like the first and second of a Mexican Cu, and there are frequent arches under it to communicate with ditches on the other side, sometimes, but I think not always, with sluices. When we met another vessel, or wanted to have a bridge wheeled round for our passage, the man at the helm either blew a pocket whistle or rung a bell, or set up a Flemish halloo.

We had an excellent dinner, included in the fare of five franks a head.

Passed some barges laden with the most offensive of all manure, for nothing, it seems,

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from which profit can be extracted is wasted in Flanders. Before I discovered whence the intolerable stench proceeded, the Flemish gold-finders were greatly amused at seeing me hold my nose. We went by some good country-houses with ornamented grounds ; they are generally white, with green windows. Two of these villas were shut up. The country near Ghent is less beautiful than about Bruges, but the towers indicated the former wealth and dignity of the city which we were approaching.

When we reached the quay it was crowded with spectators. Some thousands certainly had assembled, as if all the idle part of the population regarded the arrival of the *Trekschuit* as a sight, and were waiting for it. Mr. Vardon, who knew what a scene of confusion would be occasioned by the rush of boys and porters contending for luggage, arranged the commissariat part of the business well. I carried off the ladies in a coach, and the baggage followed upon a hand-cart, he and Koster conducting it. It was about seven o'clock when we reached the Hotel de Flandres. Most of the English passengers learnt where we were going, and followed

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us, but few of them could obtain room. Mrs. Vardon had been here before and knew the landlady, so that she secured beds for our united party. The public room is gaily fitted up with paper representing East Indian scenery, and good of its kind—a sort of panorama, which reminded Mr. Nash of the country wherein he had spent so many years. Supt at the *table d'hôte*, where some fine people, women as well as men, came after the play.

Tuesday, Sept. 26.

The King of France's suite were at this hotel. The landlord spoke of the King's apathy in a manner which implied much indignation, though he expressed none. "He ate well and drank well," were his words, "while everything was at stake." When the officer arrived with tidings of the victory the King was asleep, and his attendants said that he must not be disturbed; but Lord —, who brought the news, insisted upon seeing him immediately. The Prince of Orange has won the hearts of the

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people by the part he bore at Waterloo. He is a brave *garçon*, they say, and they frankly add that they care not how soon his father may please to die and make way for him. A boy here was quite shocked when Mrs. Vardon, forming her opinion from a portrait, observed that the Prince was like his Mother. "Ah, non, madame, *elle est si vilaine, elle est si laide!*" He could not bear that his hero should not be thought beautiful as well as brave. His wound tells greatly in his favour. The wish here is that he may marry an English Princess, not a Russian, as is now talked of. Our Landlord says that they can never do enough for the English. This place was in the utmost alarm on the sixteenth and the two succeeding days. He had sent off part of his property and had packed up all he could for removal, being certain that if the French were victorious his house would be marked for pillage. Fear made his wife so ill that she took to her bed, and he says that if the allies had been defeated he is sure she would have died. Even the joy of security did not restore her at once; and when the wounded were brought here she sate the whole day bol-

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stered up in bed, tearing linen for bandages and scraping lint. Wine and water for the wounded was mixed in the street by pailfulls. Lord Uxbridge was lodged in an adjoining house, where he could be quieter than in this, and his food was taken from hence.

Ghent, tho' a fine city, is far less impressive than Bruges, a great part being more modern, and all that is modern proportionately in worse taste. The Cathedral is not such an edifice as might be expected in a place of such antiquity and ancient opulence. The tower is not remarkable, and the body of the building was built in a mean age, the former one having been destroyed by lightning in 1641. The crypt, however, is curious. This is as old as the days of Charlemagne, and service is still performed in its chapels ; but there is a certain air of neglect as well as of dampness there which it is melancholy to observe. The pulpit is a fine thing, with marble statues about it and a marble tree with a gilt serpent twisted about its branches, more probably representing the brazen serpent, I think, than the tempter. An antiquary would find much to interest him in

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the pictures in the crypt. The most remarkable is that of a Bishop, on his knees, reading these words: "It is appointed to all men to die," upon a scroll which Death is presenting to him. The skeleton, I know not why, is gilt, the rest of the monument being marble. Our cicerone told us that this bishop was put to death at Madrid about the year 1660, and that the intention of the artist was to express that he resigned himself to his fate there as willingly as if it had been in his own country. I believe the history as little as the explanation.*

The Church of St. James, here called St. Jacob, struck us as an immense building, more important in size than St. Bavon's, which is the Cathedral, but upon entering it appears smaller than we had expected to find it. Perhaps this

* The truth is that the sculptor borrowed the conception from the monument of Cardinal Erardus a Marca, who died 1538, and was buried in St. Lambert's at Liege, of which place he was bishop. "*Visitur inibi statua ejus ænea, ad vivum (ut volunt) affirmata, et genibus nixa; cui adstat imago Mortis, sic ut fieri solet expressa, cum brevissimo isto sed seito admodum epitaphio; Erardus a Marca, mortem habens præ oculis, vivus posuit.*"

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deception may be accounted for by the want of any decoration without and the profusion of it within.

I should not have guessed, after walking over the town, that the bridges were so numerous ; they are, however, more than three hundred, and the city, by its rivers and canals, is divided into six and twenty islands. The bridges are all of wood and add nothing to the beauty of the place, but it seems they have added freely to the insecurity of the inhabitants, and that in a frightful manner. It has been a recent practice for villains to stretch ropes across them in the dusk of the evening, and tripping up the passengers by this means, rob and murder them and throw their bodies into the water. On this account last year centinels were ordered to be stationed at the bridges, but we saw none, and the city is ill-lighted. In this respect, therefore, the police is bad, and yet no city stands in need of a more vigilant one, morals here being so abominably depraved. There are at the time 940 persons in the house of correction. The doors of the theatre are beset by boys in the regular exercise of their business as pimps.

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One of these young wretches accosted Mr. Vardon last year and offered to conduct him to his sister ; he had introduced eleven English gentlemen to her, he said, and they had all been *très content* with her. These imps of the Devil will sometimes make other propositions, for which an Englishman in his own country, if he did not deliver them over to justice, would send them as far on the road to the Devil as a kick would carry them.

I observed in many houses reflecting cameras fixed to the windows of the first floor—a pretty device for bringing the moving picture of the street into the apartment. This, I believe, is very usual in these parts. The farriers have an iron bar, to which the horse's leg is fastened when it is shod. Others have a more formidable apparatus—a frame before the door, into which the horse enters, and being confined there as in a cage, is unable to move in any direction. The horses are remarkably large and fine ; it was not without reason that the Flanders mares had their reputation in former times. Few creatures seem to be exempt from labour here ; the dogs are commonly employed in draught,

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and the poor things labour with a willingness of exertion which I was sorry to see overtaken sometimes, and often not well applied. Four very large bull-dogs, abreast, were drawing a butcher's cart, and one cart I saw drawn by a goat. In general, they use long, low trough-shaped carts, which rattle along the streets like cannon.

I picked up an Italian poem upon the taking of Constantinople by the Latins—*L'Imperio Vendicato*, by Antonio Caraccio, Barone di Corano. But Ghent is a bad place for finding books; excepting new French publications, it is surprising, considering the size and wealth and old importance of the city, how few are to be found. Some, however, I bought of the first bookseller there, G. de Busscher and fils, Place de la Calandre: very obliging persons. They live in a house which, if it were in London, would be thought a desirable residence for one of the first nobility, and they presented us grapes from the garden. Here I saw some music called the Battle of Waterloo. The Battle of Waterloo set to music! I could not help observing to M. de Busscher that the

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music which had been heard upon the field was of a very different kind. Mrs. Vardon gave Edith May a very beautiful book of Dutch costumes, which are exceedingly picturesque. There was a fine copy of Houbraken's lives of the painters, on which I laid hands, but resigned it to Mr. Nash, who as an artist was better entitled to become the possessor. With what I purchased, these were sufficient to make up a small package, which the bookseller will consign to Longman's care.

The Hanoverians are not liked here, *Hano-vanriens* they are called. But the Prussians are abominated. We hear of nothing but their insolence and brutality; their conduct towards women is said to have been even worse than that of the French. This it is to make nations military!

Our Landlord took us to his garden, which is in the town. It was full of excellent fruit, but withal so damp as to strike one with an anguish feeling. Here he had a summer-house, fitted up with a sofa and some English prints, and he thought this place a little Eden. The delight which these people and their neighbours, the

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Dutch, take in such gardens and pleasure-houses is a pleasing part of their national character.

We went to the play in the evening. The piece was called *Azemia, or the Savages*. The principal female character was dressed in a petticoat which did not reach the knees, and close-fitting flesh-colour drawers: even upon our opera stage this would not have been endured. The house was very ill lit: the scenery bad and dirty. The music was said to be good. I did not stay long, but leaving the party there, returned to the hotel, and sate down to my journal, till they came home to the *table d'hôte*. We had dined at it, and were therefore quite ready for supper.

Wednesday, Sept. 27.

We ascended the Belfrey in which Roland, the great bell, hangs. The tower does not form part of a church, but there is a prison for debtors connected with it. I do not remember any one in which the ascent is more pic-

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turesque. The stone steps are so worn away by long use that they are now faced with iron, and much care is required in descending lest the foot should hitch in these iron frames, where a fall would be terribly serious. In one place near the top there is a long, low, straight flight of stone steps than which nothing more dungeonish can be imagined. This tower, tho' not the highest in Ghent, is the most remarkable object there, and it commands the whole panorama. The great bell Roland is said to weigh 11,000 lb. Roland's horn I suspect could not have been heard so far. The *carillons* are above it, in a place to which you climb by an ascent more resembling ladders than stairs. I delight in chimes and quarter-boys, they are good-natured, chearful, accommodating devices; proofs that neither poverty nor parcimony were prevailing when they were set up. When Christ Church, Bristol (in which I was christened), was rebuilt, my Father, who was churchwarden that year, used his utmost endeavours to preserve the quarter-boys, and offered to subscribe for their re-establishment; he had known them more than twenty years,

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and missed them like old acquaintance. But the saving spirit prevailed, and they who have since been born in that parish have one recollection the less to attach them to it. On the top of the Belfrey are four little round towers, one at each corner, each ending in a point with its gilt vane. The dragon on the summit is said to have been sent by Count Baldwin 9th from Constantinople.

The Stadthouse, which is near this tower, is a largely stately pile at the corner of two streets, but the one front has been modernized, about a century (I suppose) ago, in a sort of Grecian style, which accords miserably with the more characteristic and picturesque architecture of the original building. It is so surrounded with houses that there is no obtaining a good view of it from any point.

I found a very intelligent young man at the public library, evidently poor and studious, in dirty but scholar-like costume. Upon my enquiring how I could procure a set of the *Acta Sanctorum* (which was one object of my journey) he proposed to exchange a set and other duplicates in that collection for English works

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which were wanting there. To this I gladly assented, looked out several great works important to my pursuits, and was referred to M. Venhulten at Brussels as the person who, when the Mayor should have given his consent, would have power to conclude the arrangement. The young librarian shewed me with great satisfaction a passage in the *Acta* where Napoleon occurs as the name of a Devil. It is in the life of S. Lita. The library is a fine collection containing, no doubt, all that has been saved from the wreck of so many convents. The place in which it is kept was formerly a Church (St. Anne's). Indeed the organ is still there; and there are some pictures in imitation of bas-relief, which they resemble so perfectly as to produce a provoking deception. There were such in the great Church, on each side the quire, the first I had ever seen. For painting to imitate sculpture is certainly a perversion of the art; but if a man so ignorant in matters of art may have an opinion upon the subject, I think these imitations show that much more may be done in bas-relief than has ever been attempted. This

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is a favourite notion of Miss Barker's, and now I can understand what she means by it.

But the most interesting object in Ghent to me, and indeed the most remarkable, is the Beguineage, which is the principal establishment of the order, and very much the largest. It is at one end of the city, and entirely inclosed, being indeed a little town or world of itself. You enter thro' a gateway, where there is a statue of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the patroness of the institution. The space enclosed cannot be less than the area of the whole town of Keswick; but the Beguineage itself is unlike almshouse, college, village or town. It is a collection of contiguous houses of different sizes, each with a small garden in front, and a high, well-built brick wall inclosing them all. Upon every door is the name, not of the inhabitants, but of the Saint under whose protection the house is placed; but there is no opening in the door thro' which anything can be seen. There are several streets thus built, with houses on both sides; the silence and solitude of such streets may easily be imagined, and the effect is very singular

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upon coming from the busy streets of Ghent. You seem to be in a different world. There is a large church within the inclosure ; a burying ground in which there are no monuments ; a branch from one of the many rivers or canals wherewith Ghent is intersected, in which the washing of the community is performed from a large boat, and a large piece of ground planted with trees where the clothes are dried.

Our appearance here and the evident curiosity with which we were perambulating a place seldom visited by strangers attracted notice, and we were at length courteously accosted by a sister who proved to be the second personage in the community. She showed us the interior and gave us such explanations as we desired. It is curious that she seemed to know nothing of the origin of the order, nor by whom it was founded, nor could she refer to any book containing either its history or its rule.

According to this lady, there are about 6000 Beguines in Brabant and Flanders, in which countries they are confined : there are 620 resident in the Beguinage. They were rich before

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the Revolution ; then in the general spoliation their lands were taken from them and they were commanded to lay aside their distinctive dress, but this mandate was only obeyed in part, because public opinion was strongly in their favour, and they were of such manifest utility to all ranks that very few were disposed to injure them. They receive the sick who come to them for succour, and they support as well as attend them as long as the case requires ; they go out also to nurse the sick where their services are requested. They are bound by no vow, and M. Devolder (this was the name of our obliging informant) assured us with an air of becoming pride that no instance of a Beguine leaving the establishment had ever been known. The reason is obvious : the institution is in itself reasonable and useful as well as religious ; no person is compelled to enter it, because there is no clausure, and no person could be compelled to stay, and I suppose their members are generally, if not wholly, filled up by women who, when their youth is gone by, seek a retirement or need an asylum from the world. M. Devolder herself entered after the death of her hus-

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band. The property which a Beguine brings with her reverts to her heirs-at-law.

During the Revolution the Church of the Beguinage was sold as confiscated religious property. The sale was a mere trick—or, in English phrase, a job—to accommodate some partisan of the ruling demagogues with ready money. Such a man bought it for a nominal price, and in the course of two or three weeks sold it for 300 Louis d'ors to M. Devolder and another sister, who then made it over to the community.

The sisters dine in the Refectory if they please, but any one who prefers it may have dinner sent from thence to her own apartments. We were taken into three of these chambers ; they were small, and furnished with little more than necessary comforts, but these comforts they had, and they were remarkably clean. In one, a sister who had been bedridden many years was sitting up in her bed, knitting ; we were introduced into her chamber because, M. Devolder said, it amused her to see visitors, tho' she could not converse with us, for she spoke no French. Two sisters were spinning in another

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chamber—one of them was 83 years of age, the other 85.

I might have learnt more if my tongue and my ears had not been the most Anti-Gallican in the world, and the Flemish-French of M. Devolder, who was little accustomed to speak in any other language than her own, was not always intelligible to Mrs. Vardon, for she interpreted when I failed to understand or to make myself understood.

The dress of the Beguines is not inconvenient, but it is abominably ugly, as the habits of every female order are, I believe, without exception.

Except for its Beguinage, Ghent is a place which I shall remember with less pleasure than Bruges. There is a greater show of business, but a much greater appearance of poverty. The city is not so clean, there is an odour of Lisbon or Edinburgh about it, tho' the filth is speedily removed, the gardens, I suppose, requiring a constant supply of manure, and thus consuming all that can be obtained. It was so in London two centuries ago. Here, too, the gutters are in part bridged over with wooden

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doors for the convenience of passing and cleaning.

The cabinet work here is solid and good; they stain wood very beautifully. What is used in the more expensive furniture they call Acajou, and say they get it from Spain. If this be its proper name, it must come from Cuba, and the tree has an additional value which I was not aware of. It would in that case be perhaps the most valuable tree in the world, considering its fruit, its nut, its oil, and its power of flourishing upon the driest soil. But I doubt it's being the same tree.

I should have been tempted at Ghent by some oysters of excellent physiognomy, for there is a physiognomy in oysters, but the Landlord told us that they had lately appeared to possess some poisonous quality, for no person had eaten them without experiencing some ill effects.

Thursday, Sept. 28.

Yesterday was a Kermes. I could not precisely learn the meaning of this word; it is not exactly a fair, but it is something of the same

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kind. Women of the middle and higher ranks were walking the town in holyday costume, and at night parties of men paraded the streets singing, to the annoyance of those who went to bed at a reasonable hour.

Our wish was to have gone from hence to Antwerp. The passage of the Scheldt at Tete du Flandres was an obstacle. Mrs. Vardon told us the boats were very inconvenient and we might have to wait on this side an indefinite time at a miserable place. I was then for going round by land, but to this the coachmen who were consulted objected; they said there was no *chaussée*, and the deep sand roads were impassable. An Englishman, in the present state of the roads, which are neither too wet nor too dry, would prefer the side to the paved way. However, there is no contesting these points in a foreign country, hardly, indeed, in one's own. Mr. Vardon therefore hired two carriages for forty-five francs to carry our conjoined parties (eleven in number including his man and maid servant) with their baggage to Brussels, a distance of thirty miles. This appeared very reasonable when compared with

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expençe of posting in England ; nevertheless we were afterwards assured that Mr. V. had been greatly imposed on.

It was the hop harvest, and in every house or before the door whole families were busy in stripping them, making a chearful scene. Hay-making also (the aftermath) was going on, and we now saw haystacks, none of which we had observed before. Flax is cultivated here, for oil. Some of the villages have a green, as in England ; even Flemish economy allowing this little wholesome and useful remains of the common, which the all-grasping spirit of inclosures is destroying in England. Every house seems to have its small plot of tobacco. Both the sense of comfort and the diffusion of it certainly appear to be much more general than with us. A blacksmith was eating grapes from the vine which covered his house. The road-side trees have all their lower branches lopt, and thus they admit more air to the road than finds its way thro' an English hedge. The villages which we passed are not by the road-side, but at convenient distance from it. The country much of the same character, and still no cattle

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till we came to the little town of Alost, where we dined, faring badly in a bad inn.

The name of this place occurs in history often enough to make it interesting. The town house bears this motto, with the date in the middle, *Nec spe, 1200, nec metu*, but it must not be supposed that the building is six hundred years old. The church is remarkable for having an open gallery over the great window. Neither Mr. Nash or I had seen anything like it. The Dender runs thro' the town.

There was a well-contrived basket at the inn with partitions for small glasses. The best thing they produced was some small creamy cheeses, very good of their kind. They come from Enghien; the Priests, we are told, receive them in exchange for Agnus Deis and such things, and supply the inns with them. It is not the first time that I have been benefitted by this sort of connection between the Priest and the Innkeeper. We should often have fared badly in Portugal if the *Estalajadeiro* had not had some game of the Curate's shooting to dispose of. As soon as we left Alost the character of the country changed; we entered upon a

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grazing district, and saw plenty of cattle. The trees also were much larger. This is a land of wells, but of bad water ; at least since our landing the Ladies had met with none that was good till, in the large village of Assche, between Alost and Brussels, it was presented them in very long glasses of curious form, as a delicacy, after some sweet cakes. These cakes, for which it seems Assche is renowned, are made at the sign of the Negro by Judocus de Bisschop, next door to the Bull's Head Inn, and described in his handbills by the deformed appellation of *Suyker-koekxkens*, which latter word, I think, must belong to the language called by the poet Randolph *croakation*, and never written except by Aristophanes. Gateaux-Sucres is the French version thereof. But the cakes are good cakes, worthy to be eaten and commended.

By-the-bye, I can make nothing of the christian name Judocus. Mynheer de Bisschop here frenchifies it by Josse, which, whether it be Joseph or Joshua, required a farther interpretation. But Vondel's name is written sometimes Judocus and sometimes Joost, and Joost is certainly Justus.

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We past, at some distance on our left, the extensive ruins of Afflighem, one of the largest and finest monasteries in Brabant, and celebrated for its rich library even in a country famous for such riches. Large hewn stones from the ruin were lying by the roadside. This destruction was one of the acts of revolutionary madness. The driver told us that before its demolition, which he seemed to lament with proper feeling, it had given employment to fifty families. We heard little of the revolutionary havoc committed in the Low Countries, the bloodier enormities in France occasioned them to be overlooked. But I have already seen enough to convince me that great and irreparable mischief has been done, quite as much as in England at the time of the Reformation, and of the same kind. And here it has been pure mischief, without any accompanying good.

Upon this stage we were annoyed by children begging most importunately by the wayside wherever there was what the Netherlanders call a *montagne*. They sung in a monotonous strain these words, half French, half English, "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" dis for Nāpōlēōñ," and then the

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finger was significantly passed across the throat. I suspect this has come into use since the battle. Some whistled the tune, accompanying it with the same gesture; others tumbled, like vagabonds of a like description in England; and others hopt along in imitation of frogs.

It was dusk before we reached Brussels; this was unlucky, as it prevented us from seeing the approach. Our passports were taken at the gates, in so courteous a manner that it would have reconciled us to a measure of police more troublesome and less reasonable. The Emperor Alexander was here, and the city illuminated in consequence. We drove to the Hotel de Flandres, in the Place de Roi, adjoining the Park.

Friday, Sept. 29.

Our first business was at the Police Office, where the people were less courteous than they had been at any former place, in proportion as they have more business; he must be unreasonable who complains of short and pithy manners, necessarily arising from this cause. Here I ascertained that my brother and his party had

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gone to Antwerp on their way home instead of proceeding to Spa, as they had talked of doing. All hope of falling in with them was therefore at an end. We fairly joined company therefore with the fellow-travellers whom chance had given us and whom choice approved ; and it was settled that we should go on from Waterloo to Namur, Spa and Aix la Chapelle, and return to Brussels by way of Maestricht and Louvain.

I had read in the Brussels Guide or *Petit Necessaire* that Anderlecht butter or *pistolets* made the breakfasts in that city excellent. Upon this I asked the waiter what these pistols were, and he replied by pointing with a smile to some little long rolls upon the breakfast-table. We had also the Anderlecht butter, which is not better than what we have found along the whole way, because the butter everywhere is as good as it can be. I had been told that we should meet with good coffee on the continent ; it is about as good as you usually find it in England, that is to say, detestable to a Lisbonian's palate, more like the rinsings of the pot than what he has been accustomed to.

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Tea evidently is not used in these countries. We had been advised to take some with us, but as cream is never to be had, it proved of little use.

We staid at Brussels four days; this was longer than we intended, or desired, but because the Emperor and the Prussian Prince were there, carriages were not to be procured. I had thus ample time to look after books and see what was to be seen.

Brussels has been too much modernized, too much Frenchified in all respects. As a specimen of the leprous filthiness with which the French have infected these countries, I saw some toys in a shop window representing men with their loins ungirt, in the attitude of the *Deus Cacaturiens*, each with a piece of yellow metal, like a sham coin, inserted behind. The persons who exhibit such things as these for sale deserve the pillory or the whipping post—the very mob in England would not tolerate them. And where these are exposed, it may easily be guessed what sort of ware is to be found within. Indeed, I am told that such damnable abominations as were manufactured

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by the French prisoners during the war are always upon sale here. The Flemings and Brabanters have caught this sort of corruption. It does not belong to their national character, which must essentially be the same as that of the Dutch. What difference there is can only be such as their different religions have induced, and it would be a very interesting enquiry to trace this for one who was sufficiently acquainted with the respective countries.

Of course I enquired for the Manneké, as the most notorious, if not the most famous piece of sculpture of modern times, and one which the populace value as if it were the Palladium of Brussels. The execution is so admirable that one can hardly forgive the artist for the design, and yet the figure is far too infantine and innocent to be deemed offensive. It might probably provoke the cognizance of a society for the suppression of vice; but for myself, certainly I should not indict it as *contra bonos mores*. I remember Olivier de la Marche speaks of such an image at an entertainment given by Philip the Good; it made rose-water. The best manners therefore in that age were not

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offended by it. I do not know when the Manneke was made. The sculptor may have had this very description of the Chroniclers in mind, or which is still more likely, may have intended a good-natured satire upon the absurd taste so commonly displayed in fountains, of which Brussels abounds in examples. For instance, here is a half-length human figure with the water flowing from his mouth; and others where the figure is female, and it spouts from both breasts. The Manneke may be considered as a fair burlesque of such preposterous devices.

Madrid is the city for handsome fountains. The only fine one here is in the Place de Sablon. And the finest monuments are in the Church de Sablon.

Richard Carbonell, the poor fellow who was wounded at Waterloo, and for whom I brought a letter from his parents at Keswick, died on the 14th of August. In going to the hospital to enquire for him, I saw some waggons full of wounded men, who had been taken out for air—a most melancholy sight. Some were lying upon straw, pale, emaciated, and with the

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utmost languor and listlessness in their appearance; others in a rapid state of convalescence, erect and seeming to have no feeling or concern for their companions. This I particularly noticed in a load of Frenchmen whom I followed for some time. They were in white flannel dresses, and it was gratifying to see (however ill this accursed race deserved it!) that they were as well taken care of as if they had been our own countrymen. The management of the hospital appeared to be excellent. My errand there was soon accomplished; the books were turned to and my enquiry answered in less time than it has taken me to describe what I saw there. I have no recollection of the poor fellow himself, but it would have gratified me if I could have sent home a different account to his parents. I had never before seen the real face of war so closely; and God knows! a deplorable sight it is.

Lt.-Colonel Miller, of the Inniskillen Dragoons, is in our hotel lying in his bed, miserably wounded. His thigh was broken by a grape-shot, and splinters and the rags which were driven into the flesh prevent the wound

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from healing. By desire of his servant, who seems most faithfully attached to his master, we visited him. He is a remarkably fine-looking man and bears up with wonderful spirit; and in this he has his best chance; for the surgeon considers his recovery as extremely difficult. I saw the ball which had been extracted; it was not smaller than a walnut, and very ragged, as if the mould in which it was cast had not been fairly closed. He was wounded near La Haye Sainte towards the close of the action, and at a time he says when he thought the day was going ill with the English. But he had been hurt before he was thus disabled. Leading on his men to charge a solid square, he thought they appeared to funk, and was afraid they might turn back; upon which he pushed on a little too far before them, for an example, and was thrown from his horse with two bayonet wounds. These, however, were slight, and when the men did their duty in saving him, he had some sticking-plaister, he said, put on and returned to the field. The question now is whether nature can hold out till the wound suppurates and expels all the

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extraneous substances which now prevent its healing.*

The Great Square is the finest thing of its kind I have yet seen. The Stadthouse, which forms one side, is truly a magnificent building, but the roof, which rises very high, with a long, straight, unrelieved outline and a great number of unornamented garret windows, does not accord with the richness of the structure in all other parts. These Townhouses are indeed splendid edifices, and show what the spirit and wealth of these provinces must have been in their better days. To complain that there is nothing within which corresponds with the magnificence of their exterior would be finding fault with them for being what they are. It is only in ecclesiastical buildings that the impression which the external grandeur makes upon the mind can be heightened when we enter. Westminster Hall indeed is an exception. At the back of the building there is a row of

* Mrs. Vardon met him at Bruges twelve months afterwards on his way to England, only just then able to bear the removal, and using crutches, but in a fair way of recovery.

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gigantic gilt arms projecting from the wall, each holding what for want of a more appropriate word I must call a candlestick, for a torch. The effect would be very grand if the arm did not, in the worst imaginable taste, come out of the mouth of a huge face!

Not far from hence, according to the direction given me by the Librarian at Ghent, I found Verbeyst the bookseller, a very singular and striking man. A more thorough sloven I never saw, and seldom or never a man with a better and finer countenance. Frequent as were my visits to him, I never happened to see him entirely drest; sometimes he was without neck-cloth, sometimes without stockings. His house, from the ground floor to the garret, is full of books, beyond all comparison the largest collection of foreign works I ever saw exposed to sale, a sight which made me wish that I had plenty of money at command. Here was what had been saved from the wreck of many a convent library, but what a destruction has been made! Verbeyst, who loves books as dearly as I do, spoke of it with proper feeling. They had been brought to him in such quantities

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that, not having where to stow them, after filling his own house and a church also, he had been obliged to sell more than an hundred thousand weight for waste paper, for which use he oncesent off five-and-twenty waggon-loads at one time ! He related this with as much vexation as it gave me to hear it, for Verbeyst is no ordinary bookseller ; he has a thorough love of books, and told me he would not exchange the pleasure which he finds in reading for any advantages of wealth or station. I dealt with him largely considering my slender means. Artzema's great work, with the continuation, was among my purchases—eleven folios, a huge mass of materials quite indispensable for any one who would write upon the history of the 17th century. Here, too, I found the Jesuit Pierre du Jarvie's history of the progress of Christianity in the Portugeuze conquests, the original French in three small quartos. I had long been in search of this book, which is very scarce, and very important to my pursuits, as supplying, so far as it goes, better than any other work, the want of a series of the Annual Relations.

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I went to see the French cannon which had been taken at Waterloo. They were in an open place on the banks of the river, under the care of a single centinel, who was pacing quietly beside them, for they had now ceased to be an object of public curiosity, and few travellers thought of enquiring for them, or took the trouble to search them out. There were 133 pieces, all of brass, some bearing the mark of the Republic, others of Louis, others of Buonaparte. Many had a name stamped on them, such as *Le Cousem*, *Le Furet*. I remember in my early boyhood a Bristol privateer of some celebrity during the American War, which, in a like spirit, was called the *Hornet*. Proceeding from this place to the canal, we then ascended the ramparts and walked upon them half round the city, and thus obtained a good prospect of the whole.

Our quarters were at the Hotel de Flandres, in the Place de Roi, a handsome square on the top of the hill, very handsome indeed of its kind, but it is such a square as might as well be in London, or Paris, or Berlin, the buildings have nothing about them to characterize their country,

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and in this respect, therefore, they ill supply the place of the Palace which was burnt there in 1731. The Hotel is as good as can be desired, and, of course, sufficiently expensive. Our sitting-room was on the lowest floor, unluckily, not so much because this put us to the trouble of ascending seventy-two stairs to the bedroom, as because it exposed us to the street, and we were beset, in consequence, by a class of persons quite as importunate as beggars, and whom there are stronger reasons for discouraging. While we were at breakfast nosegays of the sweetest flowers, nicely arranged for a lady's dress, were thrown in at the window. After dinner we were serenaded by musicians and female singers, who were better performers than are found in our provincial theatres. One day an itinerant juggler set up his portable table in front of our apartment and began to exhibit his tricks for our amusement and that of the crowd, but he was by no means expert in his art.

All this is rather French than Flemish, and, indeed, this is in very many respects a Frenchified city. The modern part is said to resemble Paris, and the Park is altogether French, with

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its straight walks and statues, and fountains and shade enough to afford a convenient cover for a profligate people. The town is overrun with splendid carriages; and these, as was notoriously the case in France, are driven without caution or remorse, as if the coachmen wished to terrify or even to run over the foot-passengers, a practice the more dangerous because the streets are not flagged. Near the entrance of the public library we stepped aside to look at some statues, which had been used at some late spectacle (probably the inauguration) and then laid by. The drapery appeared so remarkably good that it induced us to examine them, and it was not till we saw one corner of a robe move with the wind as we approached that we discovered them to be actually dressed in coarse linen, which had afterwards been whitelined, and thus stiffened to resemble stone. This was truly French—the shift and the cleverness, the imposing appearance, and the intrinsic, disgusting meanness.

The Cathedral stands well, but none of the Cathedrals which I have seen in these countries are to be compared with our own for their

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external beauty, nor even with some of the fine parochial churches in Lincolnshire and in the West of England. The pulpit here is the most beautiful I ever saw; it is the work of Henry Verbougen, of Antwerp, who made it in 1699 for the Jesuits' Church at Louvain, and on the suppression of that order the Emperors presented it to this Cathedral. This was probably done in honour of St. Gudule; but it is surely an act of great injustice thus to rob one city of one of its noblest ornaments to enrich another.

While we were at Brussels the Emperor Alexander and the Prussian Princes arrived, so that Edith May saw a live Emperor. Having letters to write and more than enough to employ me, I did not join the crowd which had collected to behold these great personages, but contented myself with just going into the Park to look at the illuminations at the Palace. On the following night the *Alle Verte* was illuminated, and three large vessels also, which produced a striking effect as they moved upon the canal.

We went to see M. De Burtin's pictures, a choice and celebrated collection; but nothing in his possession is half so extraordinary as

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himself. The Queen and the Prussian Princes had been just before us, so that he was in half-dress, having on an embroidered white sattin waistcoat, over which he had a magnificent flowered dressing gown. "Have you seen my Book?" was his first question—a critical catalogue of his own collection, with a preliminary treatise upon painting, in two large octavo volumes, which he, albeit *S.C.R.M. a Conseil: Gen: Belg: etc. etc.* sells himself to whoever pleases to buy it. We humbly acknowledged that we had not. "What!" he exclaimed, "not seen it?" And then he told us what an excellent book it was, and how much we had to learn, and what a pleasure we had to come, for it was as delightful as it was instructive. It was as entertaining as a novel, he assured us; it taught everything concerning pictures which could be known; it was such a book that it could be read a thousand years hence with enthusiasm. It was already famous at Oxford and Cambridge; the language was so pure that French masters preferred it to any other work for their pupils. An English lady who never had handled a brush till she read that book

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learnt to paint by studying it, came to Brussels from a feeling of gratitude to thank him, and painted his portrait, which he accordingly showed us, in a night-cap and the identical *robe de chambre* wherein he stood before us.

It was well that I had prudence enough to caution my companions against ever saying anything in English which they would not like the persons present to understand. Sorely, as it proved, should we have been ashamed if this man's extraordinary figure, more extraordinary countenance (he was truly an ill-favoured rogue), and most extraordinary conversation had tempted us to any such remarks as everyone was strongly inclined to make, for the old fox, who had pretended not to understand English, began to speak it just as we were going away. As it was, we left him in good humour, for both Nash and I bought his book, and perhaps the most remarkable part of the adventure is that really the book is a very good one, probably the best which has been written of its kind.

I pretend to no knowledge of pictures; but I will venture to say that what he shows as Michael Angelo's was never painted by that

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master. He has prefixed an engraving of it to his second volume.

While we were at the Hotel an English family arrived there, on their return from Italy. According to the account which their servants spread, robbers are so numerous in that country that they had waited at one place till fourteen carriages were collected. Even this caravan was stopt, but the banditti hesitated about attacking them. A parley ensued, which ended in the travellers hiring these robbers to escort them the rest of the stage, by which means they were protected from a second stage.

Mr. Vardon is acquainted with a very intelligent German merchant in this city, a native of the Duchy of Berg, Engelbert Werth by name. He tells us that the Prussian Commandant at Paris has been murdered, that the destruction of Paris must be expected as an inevitable consequence; that Alexander, upon this intelligence, had set off hastily for France, and that this was the reason why he had not been at the theatre on the preceding evening, according to the notice which had been given in the bills. It had been said in the morning that the manager

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had been sent to prison for having deceived the public by announcing his intended presence, not being authorized so to do. This, however, would have implied a degree of despotism which certainly does not exist in Belgium. As for the news, I have lived long enough in a country where the newspapers are of no value, to know how little credit is due to the reports which spring up wherever authentic intelligence is wanting. The slightest enquiry sufficed to show that this formidable tale rested on no authority, and the old saying about the month of March might be applied to it—it came in like a Lion and went out like a Lamb.

Mr. Werth drew a plan of the battle, which he explained with remarkable clearness, and which he has promised to draw out fairly and send after me to Spa. Yet I doubt the accuracy of his statement in one point, and upon another there is indubitable proof that he is wrong. He says that the English were driven from Hougomont. Certainly they were not; great part of the buildings were destroyed, but the French never could effect an entrance. He says that Buonaparte lost the battle by

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sending Vandamme with 22,000 men against Waure in the evening, when he considered the field as decisively his own, and that Bulow took advantage of this fatal error. Now, unless I am grievously mistaken, Vandamme was despatched under Grouchy the preceding day. A useful lesson this, if I had needed one, to teach me with what caution the hearsay relations even of intelligent men are to be received. He was upon the field five days after the action with Henry Bedford's friend, Hercules Sharp. They found the house at Papelot full of wounded Prussians who had literally been *forgotten*. Falling in with a party of Prussian soldiers, they stated the fact and intreated them to go and assist their countrymen; the answer was that this was the fortune of war; they had received orders whither to march, and could not deviate from them. This indeed was true, nor was there any assistance which it was in their power to have afforded. Mr. Werth and his companion then applied to the Mayor of some neighbouring place, but he had already more wounded than he could find room to lodge or persons to attend.

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Tuesday, Oct. 3.

Left Brussels after an early breakfast and went thro' the Forest of Soigny to Waterloo. The forest is for the most part a close plantation, approaching so close to the road as to shade it and prevent it from drying. There are wells in all the villages, and almost at every house; they are generally under a shed, perfectly secured against any accident from carelessness, and with a wheel over which the rope passes. The church at Waterloo is a singular and not unhandsome building, considering its size and materials, with a dome. It is some distance from thence thro' the Forest to the scene of action, which commences at Mont St. Jean. We neglected to mark the distance, and now differ about it, some saying scarcely one mile, others extending it to three, to which latter opinion I more nearly incline, but the difference shows how little a vague estimate is to be trusted. Upon leaving the forest you come upon an open country, and at the village of Mont St. Jean (where you may look in vain

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for anything like a mount) we saw the first direct mark of the battle, a large curb-stone at a barn door, cracked and splintered by a cannon ball. Here we were surrounded by men in their blue frocks and caps, contending who should be our guide. Luckily the one was successful whom I should have selected for his striking countenance and manner, and a better choice could not have been made. He led us along the road toward La Haye Sainte. The enemy never could pass a cross road leading from Wavre to Braine le Leud, which crosses the *chaussée* between Mont St. Jean and La Haye Sainte. Here the Highlanders were posted. "O my God!" the man exclaimed, "how well they fought—those Scotchmen—those men without breeches! How they fought! If they had not fought so well, Brussels and Waterloo would have been taken and Mont St. Jean burnt!" This was always the burthen of his song. Mont St. Jean was the dwelling-place, and his fate as well as that of Europe depended upon the issue of the battle.

While we were surveying this ground—where the Scotch and the Inniskillens may almost be

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said to have decided the fate of the day, two officers, not in regimentals, came up. I think they were Prussians. Koster supposed them to be English. They asked the guide in French where the Emperor was during the battle, but he, in his plain honest sense of right and wrong, did not understand that they meant Buonaparte by that appellation, till they explained. When he pointed to the wood and said, "There it was that the fifteen thousand Prussians came out," one of them answered in the most supercilious manner imaginable, "Trente-deux, s'il vous plait!" moving his moustachios to a sardonic smile.

The farm house at La Haye Sainte is well represented in the panoramic print. The house here and the stables had been full of wounded and the yard full of dead. It suffered something, but not much, and having changed its tenant since the battle, the holes in the wall have been repaired. La Belle Alliance is on the *chaussée*, in a line with this house, but we left the road here, and turning to the right, crost the fields to Hougomont.

Let me endeavour to describe the scene. It

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is a wide, open country, in which the most conspicuous object is the Church of Braine le Leud. Standing on the *chaussée* by Mont St. Jean and looking to the field of battle, the forest is behind you ; Papelot and Frechemont on its skirts to the left ; La Haye Sainte, and farther on, La Belle Alliance, both straight forward, on the high road ; the Observatory to the right at a greater distance, upon what we are told is the highest ground in the Low Countries ; Hougomont farther to the right, but less remote ; Braine la Leud more to the right still, and more distant, and thus looking round to the Forest of Soigny you compleat the circle. The ground would not appear strong to a person ignorant of the art of war. But there are dips and swells like those on our South Downs and Wiltshire hills (tho' the inequality is considerably less) which in wet weather and in this heavy soil would give great advantage to the troops defending the ascent. I suppose Lord Wellington looked to two advantages : the fair open field of battle, and the security which the forest afforded his rear.

The observatory is still upon the ground, and

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the people here all agree in saying it was erected by the English.

Hougoumont was a gentleman's residence, and a fine one, with chapel, pigeon-house, out buildings, extensive gardens, orchard and grove. This is the only picturesque point in the whole field, and it is highly so—a sort of oasis, or wood-island, having that beauty which a well-planted spot possesses in a bare and open country. There are avenues and covered-walks in the garden; at the end of that which faces the middle of the terrace before the house (where the ascent is by a few steps) a vile picture is placed upon a little eminence, representing another avenue, with a summer house at the end. In a country which abounds with fine pictures, such an instance of abominable taste was not to have been looked for.

Lord Wellington was here on the 17th, asking the names of all the places round, the distances, etc. When he went away he said to the Gardener that if he did not occupy this point the next day the French would. In consequence of what Mr. Werth had said, I asked

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the Gardener if the French had at any time obtained possession of the place, and he assured me that they had not.

The garden wall, toward the grove, where the hottest attack was made, is substantially built of brick, nine feet high, and supported with buttresses. Our men made holes in it for musquetry; they broke the buttresses half-way down, and then laid planks along the truncated tops, so as to form a rampart, or rather platform; and when any of the French who attempted to scale the wall reached the top, they bayoneted them from below. On the skirts of the grove, a little way from the entrance of the house, the bodies of six hundred French had been burnt, and the remains buried. A hole, like a rabbit's burrow, had been made in this heap; and the guide raked it with a stick, to prove the truth of his story, tho' no one would have disputed it. He scraped out some ashes and the calcined bone of a finger before we could make him desist; and a perceptible smell of ammonia came from the burnt animal remains which he disturbed. We had seen the place by La Haye Sainte (near a tree) where

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General Picton fell. Here the spot was pointed out where Major Howard was killed ; and in the garden the place where an officer, by name Crawford (I think) had been buried, till his father came from Ireland and removed the body. In one place the wall of the house, for about five feet in a perpendicular line, was covered with blood. Some poor fellow must have been knocked to pieces against it by a cannon ball.

A painter might have found many pleasing subjects here before the battle ; the ruins now would afford him some of a very different kind. Beneath these ruins our wounded, who had been carried into the house, were at once crushed and buried. Part of the house still remains habitable, and to this the Gardener's wife and children have returned. The Chapel was only half ruined. There is a crucifix in it, large as life, which escaped any injury from the shot, but had been mutilated by some of our men. When I expressed my regret at this, the Gardener said it was ill done, but he said it mildly, and without any apparent feeling of anger or indignation. Perhaps the British character never was so highly esteemed in any part of the

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world as it is at this time in this country. I have heard no other instance of misconduct in our troops, though I made the enquiry; and the people seem as much conciliated by their good discipline and inoffensive deportment as they are astonished and awed by their courage. The pigeon house escaped all injury. As soon as the action began the pigeons took flight—to the forest no doubt; and two or three days afterwards, when they saw that the mischief was over, they came back again.

The Prince of Orange has promised to repair all the damage which has been done here. The present owner of Hougoumont is a nobleman, who resides far off, and wishes to sell this property. One should think that he would now rather pride himself upon possessing it. We met his tenant, a respectable farmer in appearance, in a cart.

In the orchard, which is a large one (not less than four acres), and in the grove and garden, many trees have had their branches carried away or broken, and their trunks wounded; but except in these marks, neither the grounds or garden bore any vestiges of war. The flowers

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were in blossom and the fruit on the trees. Indeed over the whole field poppies and pansies were in bloom ; you saw them where the foot-steps of the cavalry were still uneffaced, and in some parts upon the very graves. I know not whether it were more melancholy or consolatory to observe how soon these lower creatures of nature recovered from the havoc which had been committed here. Between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, where the Prince of Orange was wounded, 2000 bodies are buried. Hats from all which the lace has been stript, caps, shoes, belts, and such things, are still lying about in great numbers ; but crows and vultures are not so active after a battle as the followers of an army. When Mr. Werth visited the field and saw it in its recent horrors, all the dead horses were lying on their backs, with their feet stiff up in the air, in the attitude wherein they had been placed by those who came for their shoes ! One of our coachmen, who was there two days after the action, observed that it was more shocking to see the wounded horses than the wounded men, because, poor things, they had no will of their own or knowledge why

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they were thus tormented. Colonel Miller in like manner spoke with shuddering of the horses running about on three legs and bleeding to death. But these are thoughts with which a soldier must not trust himself ; and he endeavoured to cover the feeling which it gave him with a forced laugh.

Edith and her mother each picked up a flint and a musquet ball, but relics of this kind have been diligently gleaned for sale. I bought a French pistol and two ornaments of the French infantry cap (like the leaden or tin ornaments of a coffin) for six franks, and an artillery badge with a grape shot, for one. Some of our party bought swords and other ornaments at about the same rate, the weapons so cheap as to render the supposition that they had been bought up at Brussels and brought hither for sale perfectly absurd. A boy on the preceding day had found a double Napoleon wrapt in paper. Our guide told us this more than once, and as often stoop'd to look among the stubble or grass in hope of the like good luck. He said also that an English General who was wounded near La Haye Sainte had hid in the sand bank a bag

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containing 200 Napoleons, which had never been found. It may well be supposed how much search this idle story has occasioned. The people, he said, had suffered so much by the destruction of their crops that they were all ruined; but they had since been made rich by the English. Well indeed has it been for them that the field of Waterloo is within such easy reach of England.

The Prussians are as much detested here as the English are popular. The people give them their due as soldiers, and say that they came in time, for the English could not much longer have supported such a conflict; an easy error this, for persons who understood nothing of what was going on, except their own danger. But the behaviour of the Prussians toward the inhabitants is represented as abominable: nothing but insolence, violence and rapine. They threatened to kill our guide's father, an old man above seventy years of age, for not giving them what he had not to give. This guide was a man whose countenance, manner, and gestures were singularly impressive. His exclamations of astonishment at the courage of the allies were

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as passionate as they were frequent. All fought well, he said. The French were like mad dogs, they raved and even foamed with fury when they were told to remember Jena and Wagram. The allies all fought well, and the English—" *Oh mon Dieu!* how they fought! But especially the Scotchmen, those men without breeches; had it not been for them Mont St. Jean would have been burnt!" To him it was evident that the preservation of Mont St. Jean was the great object of the victory. He was very angry that Waterloo should give name to the battle; call it Hougoumont, he said, call it La Belle Alliance, or La Haye Sainte, or Papelot, or Mont St. Jean—anything but Waterloo! When I told him that I would give it its proper name in England he seemed perfectly delighted, and again and again entreated me to remember this promise, and set the people in England right. Misnamed the battle certainly has been, but Waterloo is a word so well suited to English ears that it must needs prevail.

A wounded Frenchman who was placed under the surgeon's care at Mont St. Jean had his arm amputated; as soon as the operation was over

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he asked for the arm, and taking the dead hand in the living one waved it over his head and cried "Vive Napoleon!" When the Guide told us this anecdote, he said he would have killed him if he had been present, for such a man was not fit to live. I was silent at this, knowing that if I attempted in my villainous French to modify his zeal, I should only have disturbed a just and natural feeling. For the feelings of this honest Brabanter were all straight-forward; he took them as they came, and troubled himself with none of those sophistries which make the worse appear the better reason; the road from his heart to his lips was short, and on a right line. More than once he exclaimed about the blood which had been shed, crying out, "And all for one man! *ce coquin!*". Very anxious he was to be assured that we had the tyrant safe; but he repeatedly said it would have been better to have put him to death—that this ought to have been done, and that he himself would gladly with his own hand have performed that act of justice. And then he told us how his house had been filled with wounded men; that it was nothing but sawing

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off legs, and sawing off arms. "*Oh mon Dieu!* and all for one man! Why did not you put him to death?" In this proper feeling it always ended. It was eight days before all the wounded were removed to Brussels.

I was glad to hear him speak with enthusiasm of the Prince of Orange, whose wound has been worth something, and has given him a place in the opinion of the people which may in no slight degree tend to establish an insecure crown. But mischievous spirits are at work here. The people here asked us if it were true that there was to be no more mass. We assured them that this was an abominable falsehood, circulated for wicked purposes, and that the intention was for every man to worship in his own way, leaving the old established religion of the country untouched. They believed us and said that this was as it ought to be. They were not French, they said; they never had been French; they were Brabanters; and now they belonged to Holland. "No," I replied, "you do not belong to Holland, Holland rather belongs to you; for the seat of Government is with you, and you are the richer and better

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part. Singly you were each too weak ; together you will be strong enough to stand." They observed that they were more English than French. I answered that they and the English were children of one stock ; nations of the same family, who, by inclination and interest, ought to be allies and friends. This conversation past while we were crossing the open fields from Hougoumont to La Belle Alliance, whither the two carriages had proceeded along the high road.

La Belle Alliance, where Blucher and the Duke of Wellington met after the victory, is a poor farm house, almost as much worse than La Haye Sainte, as that dwelling of a substantial yeoman is inferior to the Chateau de Hougoumont. Since the action it has been converted into a public house, the owners having wisely profited by the opportunity which Fortune offered them. On the Sunday before our visit, the Emperor Alexander dined there, and threw Napoleons among the people, whereby he purchased much popularity at small cost. The woman of the house was near the hour of her delivery, when the approach of the two armies

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drove her into the woods ; she has since had twins. There is a well behind the house ; twice I dropt stones into it, and each time distinctly counted twelve before the sound reached the water. The water is said to be good, but it was not clear enough in the bucket for me to be induced to taste it. Behind the well, near a ruined outhouse, a Frenchman is buried in a dunghill, and the bone of one leg with the shoe on is lying above ground, as if it had been carried off by the shot which killed him, and left out when he was buried, either from negligence or perhaps as a slight ! Here we had bread and cheese, wine and fruit. The cheese, called Bullets from their size and shape, rich and good tho' very odorous and strong. From hence to Genap is two short leagues, over an open and uninteresting country. We past by the remains of a few houses which, it was said, the enemy had burnt in their retreat. Burnt the houses certainly had been, but the French when they retreated were in too much haste to lose any time in making bonfires by the way. The mischief had probably been done before the action.

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Genap is a poor town, about the size of Keswick. We were in an Inn called *Le Roy d'Espagne*, from which appellation it may be inferred that the house was an Inn before the Succession War. But whatever may be it's age, it has now become a memorable place. Wellington had his headquarters here on the 17th, Buonaparte on the 18th, Blucher on the 19th. And to this house it was that the Duke of Brunswick's body was brought, and laid on a table in the room opposite to that which we occupied. They told us that the D. of Wellington embraced the body, which is not very likely, and that he wept over it and called the Duke his friend and his brother-in-arms. But these things are not according to the English character nor to that of the individual. The Brunswick officers knelt round the body and vowed vengeance. General Duhesme was cut down by a Brunswicker at the Inn-door, where the sabre has left some of its marks on the side posts, and the blood stains are not yet effaced. For fuller justice, the stroke should have come from a Catalan hand. It was in this town too that the Comte de Loban, General

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Mouton, became a lost mutton. There are bullet holes over our parlour fire place, in our bedroom cieling, and thro' our bedroom door. The Prussians were not in a humour that night for making prisoners, and there had been fighting in the houses as well as in the street.

The Inn is much better than would be found in England in so mean and inconsiderable a place. We had a comfortable wood fire. Here I should think coal must be the cheaper fuel ; but there is probably a prejudice against it, or a pride in using the cleaner materials, as there long continued to be in London. The kitchen range was peculiar and excellently convenient. A round brazen stone holds the fire nearly in the middle of the room, and the funnel, which communicates with the wall, is broad enough for large dishes to stand on along its whole length, and has under it in one place a sort of square oven, or cupboard, suspended for what is here called roasting. The fire place in the bedroom was unlike anything I had seen of the kind ; it is circular and concave, like an oven, and at the bottom of this circle is a small square grate with

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perpendicular bars. Our sitting room is papered with a French paper, containing little landscapes in good taste, and a very rich border. The lower part was covered with a singular pattern, of tea and coffee services set out upon a table.

Wednesday, Oct. 4. .

We had a dismal night; not from the recollections of the day, or the feelings which the house itself excited with its bullet-holes and bloodstains, and marks of the sabre—we were fatigued enough to have slept soundly in spite of all this. But all night long we were disturbed by the almost continual passing of heavy coal waggons, rattling like fire engines in London, only with a slower and heavier sound. The whole artillery of an army could not more effectually have prevented sleep; and by way of lighter music in the intervals we had the cracking of the whips (every crack loud as a pistol shot) of all the posts who pass thro' this town to or from Brussels. The coachman told us yesterday that this was an *assez bonne*

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auberge; but this morning he asked us if we had slept? and then told us that nobody ever slept at Genap; it was impossible to sleep there, because of the coal waggons and the posts.

There is a Raven in the yard here, fifty years old—the first which Edith May had ever seen, except in the air. The coachman tells us we shall see one at Maestricht which has been there an hundred and ten years. The fellow here put his head thro' the bars of his house as if inviting me to caress him. I scratched his head, much to his satisfaction as it appeared, for about a minute; and then the rascal made a stroke at my hand, which I was lucky enough to avoid.

Mr. Nash and I walked thro' the town. In one of the shops we saw the common mouse trap of the country, which is even simpler in its construction than ours; flour is used as the bait, and it is so placed that in getting at it the mouse brings down a broad block of wood which crushes him. I asked the price of a showy handkerchief, intending to buy it as a curiosity for good old Mrs. Wilson; the woman in the shop absurdly supposed that

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I could not possibly mean to purchase it, and therefore said that the price was ten francs, the probable value being two ; so she disappointed me and lost a customer.

At the end of the town is the bridge where Buonaparte was so long impeded in his flight ; so insignificant a one it is, that but for this circumstance we should have passed it without notice, and perhaps hardly have known that a bridge was there. The Dyle is a mere ditch, the water being at this time scarcely sole-deep, and the width not above ten or twelve feet. We were told that the mills had now drawn off the water, and that it was full at the time of the battle. But however full it might be, it never could impede any men who were flying for their lives, if they could find the way to its banks. Some houses come close to it, near the bridge, both on the right and left, and thus it was that the difficulty was occasioned.

The best point of view for this little town is looking back upon it, a little while after you have crost the bridge. Not that it is anywhere picturesque, but being a memorable place on other accounts, as well as for its relation with

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these late events, it is desirable that we should have views of it ; and in this direction there is a church which comes in well.

A straight and uninteresting league of paved road brought us to Les Quatre Bras, or what in English we should call the Cross Roads. This having been the scene of so severe a contest I thought it worth while to copy what the directing post bears, close to the house into which the Duke of Brunswick was first carried :

$\frac{3}{4}$ de p^{te} ver St. Doules
 $\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Genappe
 $\frac{2}{4}$ de p^{te} ver Merbais
 $\frac{2}{6}$ de p^{te} ver Frasne

This house is at the farther corner, on the right hand. Its owner, a fat and jolly Brabanter, kept close in the stable during the action, till the balls came in so fast that he thought it prudent to seek some safer place. This man remembered the last time the English were here, and remembered it with some pride and pleasure ; for the Duke of York slept in this house upon the owner's bed, and gave him a Louis d'Or for the inconvenience to which he

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had been put. Nothing had been taken from him, for the Duke's people brought their food, and thus they left a good report behind them; much better than the Prussians have left at this time, for here and at Genappe, heartily as the French are hated, the Prussians are spoken of with equal bitterness; perhaps with more, because they came in the character of friends and acted as rapaciously as enemies.

We were told of a French Officer who would have been taken prisoner here if he had not provided himself with a white cockade in his pocket, and attempted to put it on when fortune failed him on the three-coloured side; when this was perceived he was cut down as a fellow who was true to neither party: a conclusion which, tho' natural enough in hot blood, would but ill bear revision; for it seems much more probable that he was sincerely attached to the Bourbon cause, and meant to take the first opportunity of joining it.

Our jolly Brabanter expatiated in praise of the Prince of Orange; and here (as at Mont St. Jean) his youth was accounted among his merits;—so handsome he was!—and so brave!

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"Oh, he fought like a Devil on horseback." But when he spoke of the Duke of Wellington, he said, "*Sacré Dieu!* What a man is that!" and putting his finger to his eye, "He sees everywhere." Here too we found the same disposition to claim affinity with the English.

The place where the Scotch suffered so severely is just at the opposite corner, and there are the most graves—too hastily made. In one the bare ribs of a skeleton were exposed; dogs or swine, I believe, had opened it. Mrs. Vardon's maid, Mary, and William, their man, saw another in which the worms were at work; they wished to persuade themselves that it was the body of a horse which had been thus negligently covered; for myself I turned away, not chusing wilfully to look upon these loathsome features of mortality. The Duke of Brunswick fell a little in advance of these graves. The rage, the absolute *rabies* of the French in this action, had made a deep impression upon our friend: they cursed the English while they were fighting, and curst the precision with which their grape shot were fired, which the

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man said was neither too high nor too low, but struck right in the middle.

The great Golgotha is opposite this man's house. At the corner diagonally opposite to his dwelling is a barn bearing many marks of cannon shot. Nothing was offered for sale here; the Waterloos not going beyond La Belle Alliance.

Here we left the Charleroy road, and struck to the left. Koster, Mr. Vardon and I walked on. Caps, shoes, &c., were lying by the wayside, and there were patches of bare earth which we did not immediately recognise as so many graves, common or solitary. One was open, and the greater part of a skeleton exposed; this seems to have excited a proper feeling, and many of the nearest graves were secured by heaps of stones from the animals which had uncovered it.

The country became more hilly and varied. About three miles from the Cross Roads, the greater part having been a gradual ascent, we came to a village where, from the Church Tower, Buonaparte, as we were informed, directed the attack upon the Prussians. Here, by advice of

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the peasants, we left the carriages, which were to proceed to Sombref and wait for us at a house which they called Salade, unless that were the name of the person who keeps it; one of the coachmen saying that if we should not be satisfied with our entertainment there we might cut off his head.

The young man who now guided us had been carried, with his father, before Buonaparte to give intelligence. He led us to the village of Brie, or St. Brie, near which, according to his account, the bloodiest part of the action had been carried on, by the windmill of St. Amand. Graves enough were visible to show that the slaughter there had been very great; and we were told stories of the wounded which, instead of repeating, I would gladly, if it were possible, forget. All the houses here were filled with wounded, and there was no medical aid. Many beggars beset us, but nothing was offered for sale. Caps, shoes, and French cards were lying about the ploughed fields; for here, as on the other scene of battle, the surface of the earth had lost all other traces of the tragedy—almost, it might be said, as completely and as soon as

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the sea loses all vestiges of a tempest in which whole fleets are wrecked. From St. Amand to Ligny is nearly a mile, and the intermediate space, an open field, is well manured with the dead. According to the guide's account, the French lost more than the Prussians; and the carnage on both sides was enormous. The rivulet, as it is called, runs from St. Amand to Ligny; it is too insignificant a stream to have any name upon the spot, tho' a stream it is. In many places a child might step across it, and I think it was nowhere ankle-deep. But the battle was fought in a wet season, and the guide observed that the Prussians might have derived some advantage from the water-course if they had bestowed a little labour in widening it. You cross it by a bridge near the Castle, which, as you advance in this direction, is at the extremity of the village, on the right hand. The Castle is a very picturesque object, with a moat and bridge. It was in ruins before the battle, but bears marks of having been fitted up as a residence some century ago, when the long avenue was planted. In one of the older rooms there is a circular opening in the middle, like

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the mouth of a *mattamore*; but this was the entrance of a dungeon. The court had been converted into a farmyard, with substantial buildings round it. The whole of these were burnt during the conflict, and the livestock perished in the flames! In front of the village on this side, which is to say, at the back of the street, are large quarries of granite, from whence fine blocks used to be sent in great quantities for the public buildings at Paris. Many are now lying there for which there is no market. A great many houses have been burnt; they are all built of stone, but, unhappily, were covered with thatch. The people here all agreed that the Prussians would have kept their ground if they had not been burnt out. They were busily at work, at almost every house, in repairing the mischief which had been done. Ligny is a pretty village, and before its disasters must have borne a general appearance of substantial comfort.

We had walked a long while on a hot day, and cast longing eyes upon the grapes and pears which were growing against the houses that had escaped destruction. Our guide, at our desire,

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entered one, and requested that the owner would have the kindness to sell a little fruit to some strangers. We were immediately invited in, and the mistress of the house, an old lady, meanly drest, received us in her kitchen with a native politeness and genuine hospitality which I cannot praise more than it deserves. Grapes and pears were brought, and coffee offered us. Her name sounded like Le Brun, but even in our own language it is not easy to ascertain names by merely hearing them. Buonaparte had been in her house after the battle, and she and her family were in the cellar. Tho' the house had escaped, she had suffered greatly, Vandamme, *more siro*, having pillaged the whole place. This General, according to every account, is one of the vilest wretches in the French army. The Prussians are not disliked here, for an obvious reason: their behaviour in action had excited admiration, and their sufferings had excited compassion; their deportment in peace there had been no opportunity of observing. The French were cordially execrated, and Buonaparte was spoken of as the worst of criminals. Our guide wondered and

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regretted that he had not been put to death, and declared that he would willingly kill him with his own hand. I am fully persuaded that the execution of that Tyrant would have been the most useful act of justice that ever was performed.

In this kitchen where we were so hospitably entertained, all payment in any shape being refused, fire-balls were used, composed of clay and finely-pounded coal. The common dress of the men is a short blue smock frock, girt round the waist; it is clean and commodious, and looks well.

Our Guide asked the same questions as his predecessor concerning the state of religion under the new government, and expressed great confidence in the young prince because he had lived so much in England, a country of which the people here evidently think as they ought to do. Everything, he said, had been reviving here before Buonaparte returned from Elba. His father had taken the *barriere* at that time, and now, when everything was at a stand, the Government in consideration had remitted a quarter's payment; and he had no doubt this



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indulgence would be extended if the times did not mend. He spoke very reasonably of the loss which had been sustained. It fell heavy where it fell, but it had only been partial. The greater part of the country had not suffered anything ; and if an additional contribution were levied upon the whole department to relieve the sufferers, it would fall lightly upon all.

We were told that the Prussians call Blucher *Le Guidon*, the Banner, because he is always at their head and in the hottest fire.

Wells are numerous here, and indeed all the way from Brussels. Their number is a sure indication of wealth. They would not be so frequent and so near each other unless the inhabitants could well afford to sink them.

We walked across the fields to Sombref, about a mile and half—half an hour's walk at a brisk Lady's pace—following the course of the brook. We went thro' the village, and on a hill on the other side came to the *auberge* which was kept by the niece of the old Lady to whom we felt ourselves so much obliged. The mistress was a newly married woman of seven or eight and twenty, of striking countenance and



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manners. Such a village in England would have afforded nothing better than alehouse fare. The house here was not better than a respectable alehouse, but it supplied us with a good dinner, good wine (better, indeed, than we had found at Brussels), and a good desert. For this, however, we were charged dearly—54 francs. We were nine in number, besides two servants and two guides. Everywhere abroad Englishmen are made to pay for the wealth of their country, and here we fared so well, and were served with such cheerful alacrity, that we were not disposed to complain.

Proceeding towards Namur we past a very large waggon made of basket work. Saint boxes are frequent in this country ; I call them so because they are shaped like watch-boxes. The Saint is generally a little doll in a nich, behind a glass, and a grate. The field pigs which we have seen are lean and lank as greyhounds—miserable-looking wretches. Considering how easily pigs are fed, it is difficult to understand how these people contrive to starve them—unless they themselves eat what would go to the pigs in England.

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Beyond Sombref there is a fine chateau to the right, seated among woods, with a stream at the bottom, but too far from the road to be seen distinctly. A pretty village lies on the road, where this stream crosses it, and close by the bridge is a Chateau on the left with fine grounds. The female inhabitants were at the windows, looking at us with as much curiosity as we felt towards them.

Evening closed in before we reached Namur, and thus we lost the approach to that city. The lamps here are suspended across to the street, according to the French custom. After driving thro' streets of no very inviting appearance, we stopt at the Hotel d'Harscamp. The outside is the gable end of a large house without windows, and the gates were shut ; this had a doleful appearance while the questions respecting beds were going on ; the conference, however, ended in having the gates opened, and we then drove thro' one large court into another. There was only light enough for seeing a church tower close at hand, which had a very picturesque appearance in the obscurity. A boy waylaid me at the door of the house and



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proffered his services as a pimp—such are the manners of these countries ! But if such offers were always answered with an admonitory malediction by foreigners they would certainly not so frequently be made. We were ushered into an excellent room—the paper represented a landscape of the country, with quite a scenic effect, and as some person was singing in an adjoining room, the intermediate door being open, Edith May observed that it was like being at a play. The room has some singularly handsome pieces of furniture, of the wood which they call acajow, and which resembles the very finest mahogany, with white marble tops ; a carpet cloth for the table, and the room itself was carpeted, the only one which we found thus covered during our whole journey.

Thursday, Oct. 5.

This house had been the residence of a Lady of rank and large possessions, who bequeathed it to some charitable institution, and by that institution it is let for an Hotel. The house is

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a fine one—25 stairs in one flight lead to the first floor, 23 to the second. The court which we first entered is full of orange trees and other ornamental shrubs, having nasturcians between them, which are now in profuse blossom, hanging from vase to vase. There is a canary bird here so tame that it flies about the court, and goes about on the head of one of the waiters, and pitches familiarly upon any person's shoulder; thus it did to Edith May, and thus we were told it had done to the Duke of Wellington, who was exceedingly pleased at this mark of confidence.

The wash-hand-basons here are called dishes, and we had proof that they are used for both purposes: one of the Ladies asking for a second bason, was told that the sallad should be taken out of it for her. The same sort of beds we have found everywhere, except at Bruges. They are placed against the wall sideways, and a half circle of iron is fixed in the wall at a great height for the curtains. The bedroom floors are uncarpeted and unclean. The doors and locks everywhere clumsy, almost as clumsy as in Portugal. We were annoyed all night by the

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clocks and church-bells; the nine o'clock bell seemed close at our ears, and a more dolorous sound I never remember to have heard. I told the waiter in the morning that this *cloches* was a bad neighbour; and he smiled and agreed with me.

Before the rest of the party made their appearance one of our coachmen led me to the bridge, as if impatient that I should see some of the fine parts of the city. There is a bridge over the Sambre, some fifty yards above the point where it falls into the Meuse; here, looking up the river, the view is most singular. It is confined for some distance between the back part of some old streets, and from every house an apparatus for fishing was suspended, such as we saw at Ostend and Brussels. A mill of some kind stretches half across the stream; and farther, on the left, are the heights with the ruins of the Castle. My guide, leaving those ruins for a second visit when the whole party should be collected, took me round the heights on the town-side to the walk by the Meuse and the bridge, a less singular but much finer view; the heights, the ruins, and the course of the river

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beyond, between gardens and villas, forming a prospect of extraordinary richness and beauty. He told me that some of those gardens were places where parties went in summer.

After breakfast we took a *Commissionnaire*, as they call the porters and lacquies in this country, and he led us up the heights, on the side of the Sambre, under the ruins of the Castle. Thence we had an admirable view of the junction of the rivers, the city, and the vale down which the Sambre flows. Having reached the summit, we had then a view of the bridge and the Meuse. The rich autumnal tints of the wild part of the landscape immediately on the right (towards Dinant) blended most beautifully with the darker green of the cultivated groves and gardens, which reached to the skirts of this unreclaimed ground. The heights on which we stood, with a river on both sides, reminded us a little of Durham; the Meuse above the bridge a little of the Thames at Richmond, tho' it wanted (especially on the farther bank) the luxuriant foliage which makes the view from Richmond Hill unequalled in its kind. An islet in the Meuse much resembles that in the

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Thames which fronts you from Richmond Hill, and on which I have so often wished to see a grove of poplars, as the only improvement (and a very great one it would be) of which that scene is capable.

We returned along the summit thro' the ruins, where an artist might find employment for many days. This must certainly have been one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. There is a large open cistern, which seems to have been formed by blowing up the rock, and thus enlarging a natural hollow. You descend by some 15 or 20 steps. The water is green, and probably has no other source than the ruins. How different from that delightful mountain cistern of the purest water in the Moorish Castle at Cintra. A few habitations have been run up among the ruins. The excavations, arches, walls, towers, and frequent steps make this a most picturesque place. But in descending into the town there was work for the scavenger as well as the artist. All the perfumes of Arabia could not have prevailed over the stench which proceeded from its defilements.

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I should think this fortress could only have been reduced by famine.

This is the first place which we have seen in a fine situation, but the situation and the ruins are all that Namur can boast. The City itself is without beauty of any kind. The Low Country stile of building does not extend so far; the houses are totally unornamented, and the Churches have neither the charm of antiquity nor of magnificence. It is a manufacturing town, chiefly of cutlery; and, of course, both the place and the people are dirty. I bought Valentine and Orson and Les Quatre fols d'Aymon, both printed at Lisle in close type and on coarse paper, for popular sale. Here and at Brussels a deer's foot is sometimes used as the handle of a bell; and the Apothecaries have usually a stag's horns over their door.

We left Namur by the direct road to France, over the bridge; but presently turned to the left eastward, and kept along the banks of the river. The road for six leagues to Huy is one of the most beautiful that I ever travelled. That from Longtown to Langholme is not more so; that from Ambleside to Keswick scarcely,

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if at all. It is foolish to compare things so different, and yet the folly is so natural that I am as prone to it as if I did not know it to be foolish. The Meuse in its ordinary width seems something wider than the Thames at Richmond; but it varies more both in breadth and depth. At Namur we saw a horse in the middle of the river, towing a vessel against the stream; and the barge which plies with passengers from that city to Liège is in like manner drawn in the water where the course of the road or of the stream does not allow the animal to perform his work on dry ground. A second beast was on board to relieve its comrade, for it is severe work; and we were told that the animals thus employed were soon worn out. It is difficult work also for the rider, for the bed of the river is full of holes; and therefore great skill and great experience are necessary for the dangerous task of driving. This is the reason why only one horse is used even in drawing against the stream; tho' four are allowed to the Trekschuits on the Flemish canals. It may be hoped for mercy's sake that steamboats will soon be introduced here.

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The road lies along the right bank, under rocks which from the number of kilns I suppose to be limestone. The villages are very numerous, and mostly very beautiful. The crags are sufficiently high for a painter, and more varied in their forms than any which I can remember to have seen elsewhere. In some places they jutted out like buttresses ; in others rose like spires and pinnacles and the chimneys of ruined buildings. They were most richly adorned with brushwood and with a small-leaved ivy, and with another creeper which, I believe, is the nightshade. The views of Namur were strikingly picturesque, and they varied every minute till we lost sight of it. Perhaps the finest is between two and three miles off, where the city appears behind a bend of the Meuse, and that fine river forms the foreground. Some houses were pointed out to us on the left bank which were partly excavated in the rock ; one remarkable one with hanging gardens, where there was an archway under one of the terraces leading into the excavations, and in that archway a cascade.

Many Prussian troops passed us. The coach-

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man seldom failed to say "more thieves" when he saw them coming. The *Gendarmes* are not in better repute. "Honest as a *Gendarme*" is the worst that can be said of a man. The Prussian waggons usually carried a spare wheel in case of accidents. They embargo the carts of the country without ceremony and without compensation.

We halted at Andenne, a place once famous for its convent of female Canons—the most aristocratic establishment of its kind. It was near a fabric of coarse porcelain that the horses baited, and we drank the only bottle of wine which the house could supply, wishing there had been more, for it was good. We had brought fruit with us, and devoured bread and butter and the excellent Limburg cheese, here called Herve, which has the richness of Stilton with the flavour of Gruyère. They brought us Gruyère also, which we have seen everywhere, and which I conclude is made everywhere, as being the most approved kind. Many people were employed in making fireballs; they trod the mixture, and the balls were drying by the roadside.

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We were now entering upon a land of vineyards. The approach to Huy is uncommonly striking—a handsome and very large old church on the right bank, with hanging gardens near it, and a high hill impending above ; a bridge of several arches over the Meuse, and on the other side gardens and old brick buildings, apparently convents, coming so close to the water as to produce somewhat of the effect of Hindoo scenery, such as it appears in prints. Having secured quarters in the best *auberge* the place afforded, we crost the bridge, and endeavoured to reach the river side, above the town, that we might get a good view of the bridge and the church. But we found ourselves in a labyrinth of narrow lanes between high walls, and among buildings in various stages of decay and ruin, the work of the revolution. Huy itself is full of manufacturers, but this suburb, which had been the residence of the Religioners and the wealthy, is now a complete Necropolis—a place of desolation—a deserted city. I never saw anything like it—anything that impressed me so mournfully—the desolation being recent enough to produce this

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effect. In one church, which seemed to be entirely forsaken, were many old monuments built into the outer wall, with rude bas-reliefs, and inscriptions mostly of the 16th century.

Mr. Vardon and Edith having advanced a little before us, looked into the courtyard of a large building, which proved to be inhabited, and they were met by two gentlemen. Mr. V. asked if it were a public building, and was answered by one of them with some *hauteur* that it was his house. Mr. V. then begged his pardon, and apologised for having trespassed, saying he was a stranger. The gentleman upon this demanded in the same offended manner if they were Germans? Being told that we were English, his tone immediately changed, and he invited us in. By this time we were come up. The person with whom we thus had fallen in was a man rather above the middle stature, thin, pale, and with a melancholy countenance; grey eyes with a slight cast, which was not perceptible at first sight, and a few marks of the small pox. His age was 45, and his name, as written by himself in my journal in a remarkably strong, legible hand, F. J. Onwerx. He is

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a native of Liège. He introduced us into a room furnished with good French prints, and with some French books lying about it. In an instant he uncorked two bottles of white wine, which he called Comet, of the vintage of 1811, upon which the Comet was supposed to have produced a beneficial effect. We assured him that tho' it was five o'clock we had not dined, and that dinner was then preparing for us at the inn ; but excuses were of no avail : a brimming glass for each was poured out and drank ; it was scarcely swallowed before the bumpers were replenished and pressed upon us, as if this form of hospitality were necessary towards persons of our country ; we could not refuse without the probability of appearing discourteous, and thus Ladies and all were obliged to drink a second and a third bumper, emptying both bottles.

M. Onwerx then led us into his garden, a beautiful spot extending to the river, where the bank was walled. There was a frankness and a decided manly manner about him which were very interesting. He told us that he had been a widower fifteen years, and that there was no

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happiness in this world for him. Having been born and bred in a Catholic country, the disgust with which that system of villainous and impudent imposture filled him has fatally made him regard everything beyond this world as doubtful. He spoke with bitter severity of the Prussians, and said they were worse than the French: he had offered money to be exempted from having soldiers quartered upon him; they had taken it, and quartered men upon him nevertheless. And those men had plundered without mercy or shame, even to drawing out screws from the floor. He execrated Buonaparte, who had been there, in this house, and had treated him with insolence, but he added, "I am not a man to crouch before him, and I answered him manfully." This his companion, who was a much older man, told us also, and said that Buonaparte altered his manner when he discovered the character of the person with whom he was speaking. He complained of the manner in which his country had been treated; they had been a free and an independent and a happy people, he said, and they were transferred now to a foreigner like so many cattle. The policy

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of England, he said, was horrible : not because it had made these countries a province of England, but because we had let Buonaparte loose from Elba. We perceived that the treaty of Paris was too advantageous for France ; that in a few years she would rival our manufactures, or exceed them, and become dangerous, if not too powerful for us, and therefore we had let this ferocious beast loose. Miserably as I express myself in French, I endeavoured to show him how impossible this was, but the most solemn asservation could make no impression upon him, so thoroughly was he persuaded of the absurd notion ; and I was really sorry for this, finding him a man of strong feeling and strong sense.

M. Onwerx has two daughters, whom we did not see. The firing at Waterloo, he told us, was heard distinctly here, and made the house shake. This might easily be ; but he added what is very remarkable, that a friend whose veracity he could not doubt assured him it had in like manner been perceived at Amiens, 43 leagues from the field.

He promised to call on us tomorrow after breakfast, and walk with us to a beautiful place

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up the little river Hoyoux, where his father-in-law, M. Delloye, had a manufactory of *fer-blanc*, which I suppose is tin. He himself manufactures soap and, I believe, paper.

Our inn is curiously situated, being literally upon the Hoyoux, which runs under the courtyard, and presently passes under an odd bridge of one arch ; the arch of course is true, but the ascent is so steep, continuing up to the bridge, that for more than half the way it is by a flight of steps. A few yards only beyond, this little river falls into the Meuse close by the bridge. The fireplace in our apartment is a singular one ; a perpendicular grate, with flues to the right and left, a broad marble slab over it, and over this an oval window looking to the bridge, the flues passing on both sides of the window. This was more beautiful than convenient, for the chimney smoked. The frame of the fireplace is brass, above it a line of tiles, and then the broad marble chimney-piece.

The women here carry a basket with a back like that of a chair, but made of close wicker work. The back rises above the bearer's head, who carries it back to back. The basket is

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something in this shape †, so that when the lower part is full, vegetables or whatever else it contains may be piled up to a great height, the bearer naturally stooping in proportion to the weight of the load. It is supported by a strap across the shoulders. This basket is so convenient for those who, like Issachar, bow their shoulders to bear, that it is used far and wide over the continent.

We are at the best of two Inns, the sign of the Helmet, but Huy is a place at which few travellers stop, the distance between Namur and Liège being but a short journey. We found however good fare, good wine, and very civil treatment.

Friday, Oct. 6.

Our rest was disturbed by various noises. A horseman stopt at the door after midnight, and he and his horse, the one calling and the other stamping, as if the horse understood and seconded the impatience of the rider, reminded me of the Ghost on horseback in the ballad of Lenora. Prussian troops also were marching thro'; among them I saw some lancers in

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the morning, with little red flags near the lance point. The church bells were very loud, frequent and troublesome—this annoyance alone would have told us that we were in a Catholic country. Pewter is in use here for the *wash-cum-sallad basons*, and for certain other utensils. I slept under a patch-work quilt;—this sort of industrious economy is probably found wherever printed calicos are worn.

They brought us grapes and Gruyère cheese at breakfast. The butter was marked with the I. H. S.—a mark of devotion I believe—not the initials of the vendor. M. Onwerx called at the time appointed, and took us first to the Church, under an arch which has some curious old sculpture representing the nativity. The great tower having been much injured toward the bottom by lightning a few years ago, was propt while the lower part was repaired and in fact rebuilt, a work of extraordinary skill. This induced me to tell him of Mr. Edgeworth's exploit, who built a cast-iron steeple on the ground and raised it in one piece. I found the names of Edgeworth and his daughter well known, and their connection with Switzerland.

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The part of the town thro' which we past is very picturesque from the number of bridges and ruins; the latter are more probably the work of revolution than of war, tho' of war Huy in former times has had its full share. M. Delloye's house is about three miles distant, up the valley, and a more truly delicious valley (could all vestiges of manufactures be removed) I have seldom seen. Beautiful it must indeed be to obtain this praise from one who resides at Keswick and has past a summer at Cintra. The hills on either side I guess to be about as high as the Hatteril Hills (or Black Mountain) at Lautony. A few years ago they were clothed with wood, but the forges have stript them. However, the underwood is springing up, and the valley is so rich that we scarcely felt the devastation of the hills as an injury. There are many comfortable cottages, which M. Onwerx with evident pleasure told us belonged to little landholders. The vale is beautifully green; it abounds with orchards, large walnut and horse-chestnut trees are growing in the fields; and the little river, before it reaches the works which block and defile the latter part of its

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channel, reminded me of our Cumberland streams in the quiet part of their course, where they flow along level ground. The vale, he said, continued thus beautiful for some twelve miles to its head. The waiter at the inn had told us that the sources of the river at that distance were well worth visiting.

The mother-in-law of M. Onwerx had been educated in an English Nunnery at Liège, but long disuse had made her unwilling or unable to speak English, tho' she still understood it. They gave us cakes and Muscat wine. The house had all marks of comfort and elegance and opulence about it; none of ostentation. The garden was well laid out; that is, nothing had been done there to injure nature. A round basin of water, with a spouting fountain in the middle, is not to be complained of. They who object to the sight of art thus poorly and feebly employed may look another way and be pleased with the sound.

M. Delloye's works are upon a great scale. I was asked if we had any wheels so large in England; and these were large enough to justify the question from one who had never

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been there. This is the first manufactory of tin which was established in these parts, and Buonaparte had given money towards setting it up. The rest of the family, I found, had none of that just and well-founded detestation of this tyrant which M. Onwerx exprest. One of the Ladies was silent when I said that he ought to have been put to death; another observed to Mrs. Vardon that he had done much good as well as much evil.

The conversation which I had with M. Onwerx upon this walk was very interesting. Liège, he said, had been a free country. The Prince Bishop was elective; it was a dignity to which any man might aspire. There were two and twenty towns in the Bishoprick, each sending its deputy to preserve the charter of their freedom, for such a charter they had, like our Magna Charta, many centuries old. He himself, if he had been aggrieved by the Prince Bishop, might have brought an action against him and obtained redress. There were no delays of justice; a cause was decided in 24 hours, or in 36 at the farthest. Now, there was no such

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thing as justice. Before the Revolution they had only been too happy. He was a man who had entered into the first feelings of the Revolution with all the ardour of youth, and bitterly lamented its excesses and its consequences. What he now desired, was the restoration of the old system; that is, that Liège should again be free and independent under its old institutions; for it was his opinion that small states were those in which the people had been happiest, and wherein there was most encouragement for literature and the arts. He admired the English, but adhered to his persuasion that they had purposely let Buonaparte loose; else, he said, why had not the man been punished who suffered him to escape? A dreadful vengeance, he thought, would overtake the Prussians. They were retaliating what they had suffered, and this would draw on more retaliation, evil producing evil. But he did not disguise his hope that they might be driven out of France. They had behaved with excessive insolence at M. Delloye's. The best things which the house afforded had been set before them, and they

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said the wine might be good enough to wash their feet in, but not to drink.

We parted with much good will toward each other, and having a copy of Roderick, which I meant to have carried to Manheim for my Uncle's friend, M. Osserwald, if we had proceeded so far, I left it with him.

We set off from Huy at noon, well pleased with our adventures there, crost the bridge and proceeded along the left bank of the river. More beautiful scenes than those of yesterday had been promised us; they were less so, but still it is a fine and interesting country. The views of Huy are very striking, tho' inferior to those on the other approach. Red cliffs—the reddest I ever saw; broken rocks with creepers in great luxuriance; and many picturesque buildings. The river frequently forms islands in its course. The vale widened as we advanced, losing thereby in beauty. We past almost under a very remarkable *Chateau*, a large square building upon the brow of a rock which is precipitous on three sides, and the garden wall appeared as if it were on the very brink of the precipice. At a village near we halted, and

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had good bread, cheese, butter and wine, all good things, and which seem in these countries everywhere to be good in their kind. Here and everywhere we heard the same complaint of the Prussians. Indeed, we saw something of their insolence upon this stage; for we met a party of their soldiers. A carriage, with two gentlemen and ladies of the country, had come up with them, and these Prussians would not allow them to drive by, but insisted upon their following patiently and waiting upon their foot pace.

As we approached Liège we saw nothing but filth and poverty, and the City itself presented nothing inviting in its appearance. The Cathedral was destroyed by the Revolutionists in their brutal love of destruction. We had been recommended from Namur to the *Aigle Noir*, an Inn not in a good situation, and sufficiently uninviting in its external. Some discomfort was apprehended and some discontent exprest when we were shown into the public room, where there was one man at dinner and a strong odour of tobacco. They told us we should soon have the room to ourselves, and

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that the folding doors between it and the bar should be shut to secure our privacy. Presently, however, another person came in to dinner. I saw now that the bar-part of the room would fall to our lot, and calling there for pen, ink and paper, sate down and wrote to John May, while a woman servant washed the hearth and made a fire for us. The chimney piece was tiled; the hearth tessellated with little bricks about two inches long and half an inch wide; a brazen plate, like a waiter, on an iron stem, was the screen. By the time I had finished my letter the table was spread, and we had an excellent dinner with good wine.

Saturday, Oct. 7.

In all the inns we have found a want of cleanliness in the bedroom floors and a want of bedside carpets. Here we had cigarrs laid upon the bedroom table—being, I suppose, as necessary for a German as his night cap.

The windows in Liège and its vicinity are mostly square and small. The city displays

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an appearance of activity and trade, tho' its population has been diminished by the loss of 15,000 inhabitants since the revolution. It still contains 50,000. In passing thro' the suburbs yesterday we observed that a very great number of the houses were to be let. The Commissionaire who guided me when I went to put my letter in the Post-Office said that Buonaparte has many partizans here. The Post-Office is inconveniently situated at one end of the city instead of in the middle; to avoid a long circuit in getting there we crost the nearly dry channel of one of the many branches with which the place is intersected by the Meuse, a boat being laid across the channel, and reaching from one bank to the other, and for the use of this sort of bridge a small copper coin was paid. Among the signs I noticed that of the S. Esprit at a cabaret; the Catholicks appear not to be sensible of any irreverence in the use of such names and symbols. Except at Bristol fair, I never saw so much gingerbread in any one day as in going thro' this city; it must surely be commonly in use as food, not merely as a luxury for children. The wetness of the morn-

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ing preventing our party from going over this dirty city ; but we had driven thro' great part of it the preceding evening, and my walk to the Post-Office showed me more. Beggars have become more numerous since we entered the Pais de Liège. There is neither Flemish comfort here nor Flemish cleanliness ; both have been lessening all the way from Bruges, and both have now disappeared. A few old and poor persons wear very broad beaver hats—the last remains of old costume. The houses about the place are generally of a deep red colour.

One roguery I must notice, not as peculiar to Liège, for we have observed it everywhere. The bottles are manufactured in so rascally a shape that the bulging bottom defrauds you nearly of one-third of what the bottle appears to hold.

As we looked back upon Liège, the hop-poles, which were very numerous in the adjoining country, and were now pitched together as thickly as the tents of an army, combined in a most singular manner with the steeples. A mile or two off we crost the narrowest bridge which I ever saw for carriage, over a stream which, coming from an opposite direction to the

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Meuse, falls into it close by this bridge. From thence we ascended a very long straight paved road, which was a tremendous pull for the horses. The country here is beautiful, reminding me of the Monmouthshire scenery, not in the mountainous but hilly parts of that fine county; and the weather, tho' the rain sometimes melted into mist and the mist sometimes dissolved in rain, did not materially obscure the prospect at any time. Near the city the roadside beggars were very numerous; one man who was placed in a chair beside the way to excite charity gave me a painful idea of the demoniacs in scripture. Women were threshing in the barns; they use a flail shorter than the English one, especially in the striking part. A man was picking up manure from the road in a basket—a proof at least that nothing is allowed to be lost here. The road is for the most part hilly, and sometimes it passes over the first wastes or commons that we have seen.

We halted at Theux, at a wretched house, where the only room in which we could be received was wet. The floor was composed of bricks laid in large square pannels within a

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black framing—no doubt of that black marble for which this place is celebrated; it is said to be the finest in Europe, and to take a polish as fine as glass. There were marks of antiquity about the house, some fragments which had been built upon on the chimney bore the date of 1592, and a fragment in the yard that of 1565. We had excellent bread and butter here, and the fine Herve cheese—upon which we dined heartily and hungrily, not knowing that we were scarcely six miles from Spa. Going out of the town you come to a building with this inscription: *Wauxhall champetre*. About a quarter of a mile off is a castle on the left, appearing like a square of brickwork without any loopholes. It shows well, with a brook and bridge and village in the foreground, and we had seen it at a considerable distance. The country all the way to Spa is very pleasing, still of the tamer Monmouthshire character—heights covered with brushwood, and streams of clear water—much that is soothing and picturesque, nothing that approaches to sublimity.

We found at the Hotel de Prince d'Orange all the accommodation to be expected at a place

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of fashionable resort—a fine spacious apartment, a chandelier in the middle, a noble wood fire, tables with marble slabs and old screens of the oldest fashion, large and inconvenient; the hearth tessellated as at Liège. Good beds, but here and everywhere else they seem intended only for single persons, as if married ones never slept together.

Sunday, Oct. 8.

This is a little quiet place, in that respect resembling Tunbridge Wells. One of the springs is in the town, and these verses have been inscribed over it since the Prince of Orange, who is here at present, arrived :

L'ouvre mon sein salubre au fils de la patrie
Et desire ardemment de prolonger sa vie.

There are three other springs. Two are at the same place about a mile and half from the town; both are strong chalybeaters, tho' one is stronger than the other, and in the strongest you see bubbles rise. Close by the other is a footstep cut in stone some four or five inches deep, with these words beside it: *Le Pied de*

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St. R. Not knowing who the Saint might be, but not doubting that his footstep had been imprinted there for some good purpose, I enquired the meaning, and was informed that Ladies who desired to become fruitful were to set a foot in it and obtain their wish thro' the merits of St. Remacle. Mrs. Vardon had already been trying whether the footstep fitted her. Away I went to Edith, led her there and begged her to set her foot in the impression, which my Governess did, and when we told her the legend she declared that she never again would do anything I desired. Koster also before he heard of the spell tried his foot, and we had much laughing about the consequences. He had stood in the Saint's shoes, we said, but it might not be so pleasant some time hence to stand in his; and we wished him well thro' it. The third spring, which contains some sulphur, is a mile and half from these and at the same distance from the town; the woods about this have not been cut down, and the place is sequestered and beautiful. A poor woman here presented a petition to us with a mournful story, which the people of the well

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assured us was true. She had offered it to the Prince's attendants (for he comes every day to drink this water), and they told her he had no money and could give to no one. Mrs. Vardon explained to her that this was the answer of the attendants, not of the Prince himself. It is indeed his obvious policy to acquire all the popularity he can, and popularity is always to be cheaply bought by Princes ; a little money goes a great way in purchasing it. If he does not make hay while the sun shines he will never get in his harvest.

Spa has suffered much since the days before the Revolution, when it was, perhaps, the most fashionable place of resort in Europe. The woods all around it are gone, except the small part by the sulphur spring. Eight years ago 180 houses were destroyed by an accidental fire ; an inundation did further mischief, and last year the Prussians bivouacuated here. The Master of our hotel speaks English. His wife, who had borne up against repeated calamities, died about six weeks ago broken-hearted by misfortunes. Their whole hopes had been upon this season ; the return of Buonaparte from Elba

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made her believe there would be no end to their troubles, and she sunk under them. The poor man is in the deepest dejection, and speaks of his children, especially of a babe who is only a few months old, with great feeling.

One of the Vauxhalls here has the whole of the upper part cased in wood to preserve it from the weather—a very large house in a packing case. The great ambition of the boys seems to be to crack the whip, like the postillions; they were emulously practising it, one fellow with so much exertion that he threw himself down with the effort. We were serenaded here as Brussels, and with good music and singing. A blind woman came begging into our room, and told us she was the person who had given occasion to *Madame Genlis*' story—a story which we were supposed to know. She had been in England, she said, where the Duchess of Devonshire introduced her to the Prince of Wales, and he gave her two guineas. She now subsisted upon the bounty of the English, and kept a little orphan girl to guide her about. Crayfish are very abundant here—a provoking sort of food, which promises so much more than it affords.

Monday, Oct. 9.

To-day there was a horse race patronised by the Prince. It was on the heights about a mile and half from the town, and certainly there never was worse racing; but the scene was chearful, and the people seemed very happy and thoroughly delighted, in spite of a piercing north-east wind. Blue was the predominant colour, the greater part of the spectators being in their frocks. Next door to our hotel is a large house, built for a gambling house and for dancing. We were invited to a ball there, but did not go. A woman called for our names, which we afterwards found were to be printed in the list of visitors to Spa. House rent is cheap here, a good one only from 200 to 300 francs per annum.

Here I bought Rennefort's Travels, which under the absurd title of "Histoire des Indes Orientales" contains a great deal about Madagascar, something about Brazil, and a few curious notes concerning England.

The fruit and the wine appeared to have dis-

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agreed with me here, as they did at Brussels. The effect for a night and half a day was violent, and I think the Eau de Cologne, which I took by Mrs. Vardon's advice, tended to stop the complaint. But it was proper to abstain from anything that might renew it; which, as my inclination for both had suffered no abatement, made me talk of describing my situation at the dinner table as the Temptation of St. Robert.

Tuesday, Oct. 10.

Our coachmen dissuaded us from attempting to reach Aix la Chapelle in one day; the distance, they said, was ten strong leagues and the road bad, and they assured us that there was a good Inn at Verviers, four leagues on the way.

Owing to this advice, and to some mismanagement about our linen, we did not start till noon. We soon rolled over the good road back as far as Theux, where, being told that we had plenty of day before us, we went up to examine Franchimont Castle, which we had only seen from the road. The place is often mentioned

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in the French Memoirs, and, if I am not mistaken, is the scene of an adventure with robbers or coiners which is said to have happened to Marshal Saxe. It was ruined no longer ago than the Revolution, when a passion for destroying whatever was ancient and venerable seems to have possessed the hearts of the people. The ruins are extensive, but less picturesque than any which I ever saw before, or than I should have thought possible for so large a mass. We saw some snail shells here of a species larger than any in England, and a yellow flower, with which none of us were acquainted, we gathered here ; it was very pretty and sweet.

From hence we turned aside by a wretched road to Verviers, up a long and most wearying hill, and then down it into the fertile valley wherein the town stands. It is a flourishing place containing 10,000 inhabitants, and its manufactures of cloth and kersymere have the reputation of being the best in Europe. Teazles grow in the neighbourhood. The master of the Hotel at Spa advised us to drive to the sign of the Emperor ; the house was dirty, the mistress received us with the utmost incivility, and the

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beds were neither enough in number, nor inviting in appearance if they had. We tried our fortune therefore at another inn, to which the Coachman would fain have taken us at first, but we had been assured that it was only part of a large building, the other part of which was used as a manufactory, noisy enough to keep us awake the whole night. Upon enquiring here we found that an English family from Spa had arrived before us and engaged all the beds except two: our party required eight. The *aubergiste* was exceedingly civil, and recommended us to proceed to Batisse, and if, as she thought it would prove, we could not be lodged at the Post House there, go then to Herve, which was only a quarter of an hour out of our way. The grumpy coachman grumbled, but could neither help himself nor us. Henri, as usual, took things contentedly; and having lost half an hour in these fruitless attempts to establish ourselves for the night, we proceeded two leagues to Batisse; the trial there was in vain, and we turned aside to Herve, where we arrived about six o'clock, dinnerless, and not a little apprehensive as to obtaining quarters in so un-

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promising a little town. Room, however, was promised with some makeshifts; we found a very civil landlady, and sate down to dinner at seven. But we had left French cookery behind us, and perceived to our sorrow that we were now in a land of grease.

When we had been in the house about two hours the Prussian commandant of the town came in, and, calling for the Hostess, asked her if she had forgotten the law which required her always without delay to communicate an account of all strangers who arrived at her Inn? "For this first time," said he, "I remind you of it. The second time I shall reprimand. The third I shall punish." He then turned to us and demanded our passports. To us he deported himself with great courtesy, even winningly so, a manner which was at once conciliating and dignified, being aided by a fine countenance. But he came in followed by two *gens d'armes*, and if we had been of any other nation our treatment perhaps might not have been so satisfactory. The Hostess said it was the first time he had ever entered her house; in the hurry and, perhaps, the pleasure of having unex-

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pectedly so large a party to provide for, she had neglected to conform to a precaution which is by no means unnecessary in these parts at this time. The poor woman was very attentive and obliging, desirous of accommodating us in the best manner she could. She spoke with bitterness of the French tyranny and its effects, but observed that the Prussian frontiers were too near, and that the Rhine would be the proper boundary.

The public room in the uncivil woman's inn at Verviers was heated by a stove, being the first which we had seen except in kitchens. At Herve we found the same symptom of our approach to Germany, and whatever may be the advantage of thus diffusing the heat over the whole room, we all disliked the oppressive sensation which it produced. To say nothing of the life and motion and beauty of an English fire, there is the great objection to the stove that when you enter the room, and require to be warmed, it heats the face too much and the feet too little.

An insulated spiral staircase of dark brown wood fronted us as we entered the house, having a door at the bottom which led to the cellar.

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The chairs are wooden and of a fashion rather old than foreign, but the round knobs on the crossbars below are polished with black-lead. The beds were of German fashion, having instead of blanket or counterpane a mattress about four feet square for a covering. The pannels of Mrs. Vardon's door are painted with pictures most ludicrously bad, representing an irresistible gentleman courting an incomparable lady, both in full dress.

I was in bed when I was alarmed by the voice of William, crying in great distress from the upper story, "Mary, Mary, send Mr. Koster here ! send Mr. Koster here directly ! The Coachmen are getting into the gentlemen's beds, and I can't make them understand me." It had been arranged that William should sleep in the same room with Koster and Mr. Nash, there being no other place. Accordingly he had gone to bed and fallen asleep, but happening to open his eyes on hearing some stir in the chamber, to his utter astonishment he saw the two coachmen undressing themselves and about to take possession. Up ran Mr. Nash and Senhor Henrique at the outcry, hardly able to claim their beds

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for laughing at the circumstance—and the scene. The coachmen, when they discovered their mistake, were equally amused. The whole party, having heard the uproar, joined in the laugh, and we never went to rest more merrily than at Herve. *Nescia mens hominum.*

For the only time during the journey Edith May had not been lodged in the same room with us. The beds in our chamber would only hold one person each. Mary had a larger, and Edith therefore was to sleep with her. The child had a miserable night owing to a sore throat which had not been perceived before, but which was doubtless occasioned by exposure to the sharp wind at the Spa races, and probably aggravated by the discomfort of the bed ; for it is impossible for any person to sleep between two beds or mattresses unless they have been used to it, and all of us, not having learnt to sleep in the German fashion, found ourselves repeatedly without any covering during the night. She was, owing to this cause, exposed alternately to heat and cold, and obtained no rest. Being accustomed to seeing the tonsils of all my children frequently swoln without

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producing any inconvenience I was not alarmed, and strolled into the town before breakfast with an easy and unapprehensive mind. We found a good church internally, tho' of little outward beauty ; and we saw a pig fastened by one leg to a stake in the street, and presently heard unequivocal proofs that they were killing him there. Here and at Verviers we observed the whole preparation of the *Houille*, as coal of this kind is called. Men tread it like mortar, and women make it into rolls or loaves with their hands ; it is put into the stove with a trowel when the hands are not used instead. There were several carts full of the Herve or Limbourg cheese in the town, and you might nose them at a considerable distance. These cheeses, as abominable in smell as they are excellent in flavour, are made in the shape and size of ordinary bricks, and packed in the carts very nicely upon straw.

Returning to the inn, I found that Edith had much fever, and that her throat was frightfully swoln. We were between five and six leagues from Aix la Chapelle, and thither it was necessary to proceed ; for as to remaining

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where we were it was impossible. There were neither accommodations for sickness nor medical aid if it should be needed. I went out again, looked for a Stag's Horns (the sign over an Apothecary's door in these countries), and bought volatile spirit of ammonia, the knowledge of a medical term proving for once in my life of some use. But the appearance of the Apothecary made me shudder to think how I should have felt if it had been necessary to call him in and rely upon him. This was applied. The child had been sick after taking some Eau de Cologne; she appeared to rally. We set off, and the air seemed at first to revive her. But it soon became expedient to remove her to the close carriage, and by the time we reached Aix la Chapelle she was very ill.

The country is one of the richest I ever saw, completely spotted with villages and single houses. In richness and woodiness it resembles the best parts of Kent or Herefordshire. Picturesque it is not, and its features are too even to be beautiful; but it bears abundant marks of industry, activity, and of a thriving population. It improved in beauty as we drew

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nearer Aix. We past one pleasant country house, which had a series of fish ponds belonging to it on the opposite side of the road. The carts (for they are upon two wheels) seem to be preposterously long; they are very neatly covered with cloth when the goods require cover. Walking up a long hill I observed a great number of pansies entirely yellow. The only place where I remember them growing wild in England is at Busselton, near St. Helens Auckland. I know not why it is that local recollections are so vividly recalled by the sight of flowers and by odours; but, according to my experience, nothing makes the strings of memory vibrate so finely. The Belgian Custom House is near the boundary, and after a few minutes delay there a few franks prevented further trouble. Near the city there are whole fields of cabbages of both colours.

We heard at the Custom House that the King of Prussia was expected every hour from Liège; and accordingly, when we entered Aix the whole population was in motion, and the streets were crowded to receive him, so that we trembled for a lodging. Yesterday a like

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apprehension at Verviers and at Herve had been a matter of jest ; in our present situation it was truly painful, for the child was worsening every minute. The Dragon d'Or, to which we had been directed, was full ; the Hotel Grande, *chez Debigh*, which is next door, took us in. While arrangements were making for the rooms I walked out for half an hour. On my return the child appeared so ill that I thought it necessary to look for a physician. There was or seemed to be a risque of being recommended to some ignorant or unprincipled fellow if I asked the people of the inn to recommend one. I therefore went to the Banker to whom my circular letter was address, and asked him where I should apply. He directed me to Dr. Reumont, who had studied at Edinburgh.

The complaint was severe without being dangerous, farther than the danger which always exists that such a disease may put on a malignant type. Under any circumstances I should have been anxious ; and here we were under curious circumstances of discomfort. The people of the house were brutal in the extreme. We were obliged to take what we wanted, for they

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would not bring it us, and to prepare everything ourselves. Mrs. Vardon's servants were of great use in purveying for us and foraging for what was necessary. During two days it was only water that she needed and the things required in medicine. She had been ordered to use a warm gargle every hour, even if it were necessary to wake her for that purpose. This was not needful, for she never slept an hour at a time ; but one of the women servants absolutely refused to let us have fuel for keeping up a fire during the night in the adjoining room. She said we had been supplied three times in the course of the day ; and if it had not been for a poor civil German woman, who speaks no French, and whom I talked with by help of the grammar, we should have been without fire. On Thursday she grew better, but apparently fell back at night. Friday the amendment was more certain, but at night, when for the first time she was disposed to a natural and restoring sleep, the whole Prussian band struck up in the yard under our window and played for about an hour ; and what made it more provoking was that it was done as a compliment to our party.

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This roused her so compleatly that she did not sleep a wink till three o'clock, tho' between one and two I got out of bed and read to her for half an hour in hope of composing her. Saturday, however, the disease was subdued ; it left her greatly reduced, and with a compleat prostration of spirits.

Miserable as the occasion was which thus delayed us at Aix la Chapelle, the delay proved highly advantageous. Our apartment being close to the sick room it was determined to dine at the *table d'hôte* after the first day, and there we fell into the company of some Prussian officers who were here recovering from their wounds. Major Petry, second in command at this place, was one. His companions here assure us that it was he who gained the battle of Donowitz, and that he is one of the best and most distinguished men in the Prussian service. His face is a singular compound of two countenances perfectly unlike each other—Carlisle's and Rickman's, the character of the latter predominating. He commanded in the attack upon Namur, where a bullet entered his throat under the tongue and came out at the back of

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his neck. It is said that he will recover his speech, which at present is unintelligible to those only who are accustomed to it.

Capt. Ferdinand Augustus Leopold Francis von Dresky, a Silesian by birth, was another of our new acquaintances; during our stay he received the cross of honour and his promotion to the rank of Major for his conduct at Ligny, where he was severely wounded. Dresky is the officer who was ridden over with Blucher in that battle. He and his servant and the old General knew that their only chance of escaping was to lie as if they were dead. After awhile he ventured to look up and asked his men if the coast were clear. "I am glad to hear you speak," was the reply. In person I certainly never have seen any man who excelled—perhaps hardly any one who in all respects equalled him as to outward accomplishments. At this time, when he is overflowing with happiness, his natural hilarity has full scope and he possesses a versatility of talents of which he is fully conscious, and which he delights to display. His musical powers absolutely astonished me. He plays the violin (tho' it is not what he calls his in-

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strument) in such a manner as to call from it the tones of almost every instrument—flute, drum, trumpet, guitar, etc. His voice is so powerful that he led the band with it, and it predominated above their music. But his most extraordinary exhibition was upon the Jewsharp, an instrument differing a little in its construction here from the English one of that name, but not in more repute. Playing upon two of these at once he produced sounds as sweet as those of an *Æolian* harp; and an air in which he echoed with the one the notes of the other was more magical than anything I ever heard before. He assured us that if the candles were put out the effect would be greater, and that this was not imagination, but that darkness produced an actual and perceptible difference in the sounds. The experiment was made, and every person agreed that it was so; a fact in confirmation of an opinion which I have long maintained.

Another of these officers whom I shall like to remember hereafter is a young Pomeranian, by name Geck, son of a rich merchant at Stettin. He is said to resemble the Prince of

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Orange most strikingly, and is therefore no beauty, but from what is said of the Prince's present conduct, I suspect there is something in Geck's physiognomy which must be wanting in his Royal Highness's ; for this is at once a very acute countenance and a very honest one. I found him not only well acquainted with the literature of his own country, but estimating it judiciously and speaking of the merits of the different poets like a man whose opinions were derived from the right source.

But the most interesting person with whom we fell in was a Major in the German Legion, by birth a Pole, and by name Constantine, Charles, Henry, Ernest, Frederick, Augustus, Gustav Adolph de Forster—for so he has written it in my memorandum book. What a polyonymous person ! Twice as many names as Dresky ! His father was a man of rank, holding some office equivalent to that of our Chancellor of the Exchequer. But the family have been marked for misfortune. One brother was taken by the conscription and died in a hospital, broken-hearted. He himself was taken prisoner by the French, and after much cruel usage

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(being made to march barefoot, etc.) effected his escape by way of Strasburg almost miraculously. He was afterwards in the Duke of Brunswick's corps, one of those who stood by him faithfully to the last, and were ill requited by that Prince, whose only merit seems to have been his courage and his patriotism, for Forster says he was wanting in gratitude, principle and conduct. In 1810 he went to Spain in the German Legion, and continued there till the end of the war, where by marching on foot in that climate, by bivouacking, and by a fall in the Pyrenees down some crags, his constitution has received most serious injury, so that he is here on unlimited leave of absence for his health. All his family are dead except two brothers; the one is a poor lad of 18, whom he has always supported out of his pay, and who has now for 2 years been suffering with an abscess of the spleen, but whom he speaks of with the deepest affection and the highest admiration for his spirit and genius. The other, who was also with the D. of Brunswick, has just married the daughter of a Sicilian noble. Forster had written his own memoirs

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up to the year 1812, when he lost them in a shipwreck off Santona. He has promised to rewrite them under my roof next summer if he lives so long. The day before our departure he had a return of hæmorrhage from the liver, at a time when his meeting with me and the news of his brother's marriage had given him better hopes and more chearful feelings than have often fallen to his lot. Illness and ill-fortune have fixed a melancholy and thoughtful character upon his countenance, naturally fine, intellectual and open.

All these men were Free Masons, and Koster having been initiated into the same fraternity, an acquaintance with them was facilitated by that circumstance. When I was introduced each of them tried me as he shook hands, to the discomposure of my joints and knuckles ; and I have no doubt that a man may derive some advantage in his travels from being a Free Mason if he can condescend to degrade himself by submitting to its mysteries and its mummeries. The acquaintance began at table. The Prussians filled their glasses with champagne, stood up, and addressing themselves to us, gave

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the Prince Regent's health. In return we rendered the same mark of respect to the King of Prussia. Each individual then gave a toast in turn, after we had done honour to the D. of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, and when my turn came I mustered up French enough to say, "The *Belle Alliance* between Prussia and England; may it continue as long as the memory of the battle." The Prussians were so pleased at this that they rose and embraced me.

It is not possible that these officers can be a fair specimen of the Prussian army, for they would be very much above the average of men anywhere; but there may be good hopes for any nation that has such men in its armies. They had a national feeling at once proud and generous, such as the last two years of their history justified, and by which indeed the regeneration of their country had been brought about. Their hatred of the French was profound, principled and hearty, and perhaps the more indignant for the contempt with which it is mingled. There were some regiments, they told us, in which the officers had made a rule

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that any one of them who spoke a word in French should be knocked down. I shall never forget the look and the gesture of Dresky when he was speaking of the French helmets worn by the cuirassiers. "They save the head," said he, "from a cut in this direction" (suited the action to the word). "But I never cut in that manner; when I cut at a Frenchman I cut thus," and he made a kind of feint as of striking right at the face.

The *table d'hôte* had some English visitants; they were an old harridan of quality—Lady Aldborough, I think, is her title, sister to Lady Melbourne, with her two granddaughters, Miss Rodney and Miss Hallowell,* young Ladies who seem very well disposed to walk in the way wherein they are trained up. Finding themselves unnoticed by our party, and that we attracted the officers, they absented themselves from table the third day, and decamped the fourth.

The mistress of the hotel resembles Lady ——— in person, voice, manner and expression; and

* One of these very Ladies has been divorced this year (1824).

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tho' she is by no means so handsome, the likeness is as striking as if they were twin daughters of the Devil. Never was a house under worse management. The first improvement in our treatment was when Koster (following the advice of the Prussian officers) told the waiter he would thrash him if he did not attend upon us better; the second when Mr. Vardon took the Landlady to task and roundly reprimanded her. It seems the economy of the household was that there was a woman who weighed out everything to the servants, and allowed them so much for each person in the house, as if every person in an Inn were not entitled to have as much of anything as he chose to call for.

The *houille* or *klitter fire*, as the German woman called it, requires peculiar management. Stirring does more harm than good; if you blow it you put it out. An Aix la Chapelle guide which I bought here taught me to make it burn up by sprinkling salt upon it. The fire is good and durable, but it makes a great quantity of ashes.

The Cathedral, here called the Nostre Dame,

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is the most extraordinary building we have seen. The central part, which is Charlemagne's work, seems to have been built after a Greek—that is to say, a Constantinopolitan model; but in every succeeding age something has been added, and there is now so much patchwork that some houses which have been built round the one end of the church, between the buttresses, so as to block up the lower part of the longest windows in the world (such I suppose them to be) hardly appear out of place. There remain no other vestiges of the founder's tomb than a large slab with the words *Carola Magno*. We did not see the relics. There are some very curious brasses in the wall of one of the chapels; the letters are raised and the groundwork strongly hatched, which makes the inscription much more distinct. It is like wood engraving, an impression of the letters might have been taken. Under some of these, the epitaph of some old canon, is a ghastly representation of a dead body, with worms as large as snakes at their work. Some lads of sixteen or eighteen were whipping tops in the cloisters and smocking their pipes at the same time.

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We had intended to commence our return on Monday; it was, however, found prudent to remain another day, that Edith might recover a little more strength, and making use of the time I went up the hill on which the obelisk stands. The hill is called Lausberg, originally Luouesberch, signifying, according to M. Poissenot, the mount of observation. Beacon-hill is the more likely meaning of the name, and this explanation of the Frenchman savours the obelisk, which bears these inscriptions:

On the south side :

Cette pyramide est un des sommets des grands triangles qui ont servi de base à la carte topographique et militaire des departemens reunis de la rive gauche du Rhin, levée sous le règne de Napoleon le Grand, et d'après les ordres de S.A.S. le prince Alexandre Berthier, ministre de la guerre, par les officiers ingenieurs-geographes depôt general de la guerre.

On the west :

Au mois de Juillet 1804, il a été fait, au pied de cette pyramide des observations astronomiques par M. J. Jos. Tranchot, astronome, directeur et

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Colonel au corps des ingenieurs-geographes, qui en a determine la latitude de $50^{\circ}, 47', 8'' 8'''$, et la longitude, comptée de l'Observatoire de Paris de $3^{\circ}, 44', 57'', 5'''$.

On the north :

La distance de ce point à la ligne méridienne, passent par l'Observatoire de Paris, est de $264187^m, 7$.

La distance à la ligne perpendiculaire à cette méridienne passant par la même Observatoire, est de $223526^m, 7$.

La distance à la grande tour de Sittard, est de $28124^m, 98$.

La distance à la grande tour D'Erkelens, est de $36596^m 05$.

Cette dernière distance forme, avec le meridien de ce lieu, un angle spherique de $26^{\circ}, 27', 11'', 21'''$.

On the east the original inscription was :

À Napoleon-le-Grand
Premier Empereur des Français
et Roi d'Italie ;

but that has been erased, and in its place there now stands the following memorial of his fall :

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Denckmal
Gallischem
Geburtnthe
Einst Gewerht
mit den
Tyrannen
Zugleich
Gesturst
Am 11 April
1814.

Wieder
Errichtet Der
Wissenschaft
Und Teutscher
Kraft
Am Tage der Fever-
-lichen Huldigung
Der Prussischen
Rhein-Laender
Den XV May
1815.

Just below the summit of this hill is one of the coffee houses which are so numerous about this city, with a fine room commanding a rich and extensive prospect. The two towers of the Town House come in very finely here with the Cathedral. A willowy hue still predominates

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in the landscape, and the effect of this foliage is increased and partly modified with a bluer tinge by the quantity of ground which is planted with cabbages, here cultivated more extensively for men than for cattle in England. I am persuaded the sour kroust would be one of the most useful additions that could be made to our standard food. They are forming a fine public walk round the walls, or perhaps *were* making it, for it was commenced in Buonaparte's time, who, in imitation of Charlemagne, affected to distinguish this city by his favour. Fishponds are very numerous here, tho' one never saw any fish at the *table-d'hôte* except Red herrings. We drove to Borset, or Bursheid, for it is one inconvenience in these countries that every place has two names, its German and its French one, which are sometimes very different, and sometimes a Dutch name equally differing from either; for example, Liège is called Luttich by the Germans, Luyk by the Dutch; Aix la Chapelle is Achen or Aken. Bursheid is a large village about one mile from the city, and one of the hot springs for which this part of the country is remarkable rises in the street, in a large open

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octagon walled basin. The water is hot enough to dress an egg. The stream which it produces flows under cover for about an hundred yards—after which it serves as a general washing place, and sundry washerwomen were availing themselves of it.

The poultry are very familiar in this city. They frequently come into the public room, and in a stationer's shop there were some perched on the counter—a familiarity this which implies in the inhabitants more good nature than cleanliness. There is a cruel consumption of small birds in all these countries, insomuch that I wonder that they are not extirpated, for they are a constant and favourite dish everywhere. They dress them undrawn like woodcocks, but the sight of red herrings in the inside is by no means tempting. We saw a jay in the market, and I am told magpies may sometimes be seen there.

In the afternoon we visited the Cabinet of Baron ——. It is one of three collections which the virtuosos of the last century were fond of forming, and which travellers were at one time chiefly employed in visiting and cataloguing. It was the fashion then for travellers

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to look for curiosities and antiquities, and they seem to have had no eyes for anything else. This collection is rich in agates, carved ivory and bronzes, and must have been made at an enormous expence. The room was filled up with stuffed animals, and at one end of it sate a waxwork old gentleman in a wig, as if he were reading a folio on the table before him. A singular *lusus naturæ* is preserved here: a block of wood sawn transversely, and representing a profile which I instantly recognised to be like that of Louis 16. It is plainly the natural veining, without any assistance from art. The room into which we were first introduced had its walls compleatly covered with prints, of which great part were of English manufacture. I must use the word, because prints are manufactured in England, the spirit of trade degrading everything with which it connects itself. The garden of this Nobleman's seat was a good specimen of its kind. There was a piece of stagnant water there, not to be condemned because it served as a fishpond, and fishponds, which are useful everywhere, are necessary to the comfort of a Catholic family in

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inland countries. It was very small, and in great part overgrown with aquatic plants; yet an island had been formed in it, communicating with the mainland by a bridge, and on this island was a boat house, and by this boat house lay a boat, which three strokes of the oar would have sent to land in any direction except one, where perhaps half a dozen more might have been required. The borders and alleys were ornamented with a railing and with little Cupids at regular intervals.

Tuesday, Oct. 17.

Mr. Short wrote to Mr. Vardon from Maestricht to let him know that the road was very bad, and that we should find a most obliging hostess at the *Levrier*. This Gentleman's family it was which had forestalled us at Verviers. We had spoken with him there, met them on the next day's road, and were at the same hotel at Aix. He is a Devonshire man, who, having had his boys educated up to a certain age by my old friend Lightfoot (of whom he spoke as one loves to hear an old friend spoken of), had

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placed them at Westminster and taken a house in Abingdon Street for the sake of being near them. Colonel Haliburton called on us with a message from him to the same purport, lest his letter should not have arrived. The reason of this solicitude on his part was that he had witnessed the behaviour of the Aix-le-Chapelle Hostess, and knew how desirable it was, in case Edith should have any return of the fever, that we should find common humanity in the mistress of the house.

Our coachmen had always said that the road to Maestricht was bad, and that a third horse for each carriage would be necessary. They had heard, however, now that it was worse than they had apprehended, and required each an additional pair. After Mr. Short's letter and the Colonel's account of this road, it would have been unreasonable to have made any demur; both the men, moreover, being very careful, civil, and obliging, and, I believe, very honest—at least we have every reason to think so.

Forster would have risen from his bed and come across the street to take leave of us, but I extorted a promise from him not to attempt

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this, and charged his servant (a faithful old soldier, who has refused his discharge that he may still attend him) not to allow it. He would, however, rise and come to the window. I parted from him with much regret and much fear, but not without a hope that our meeting may prove of some advantage to himself—and to history, for his Memoirs, seeing what he is and what he has seen, would be most valuable. Major Petry was to have escorted us out of town, but his wound, or rather the issue at the back of his neck, had been painful in the night and rendered it prudent for him to keep his apartment. We took leave of him there, where he and another officer were smoking. The skin of that officer was covered with a varnish composed of tobacco smoke and perspiration. Dresky and Geck drove out with us in an open carriage. The Commissionaire had taken our passports to the Commandant, and brought us in return a letter of surety for four days, to be renewed if needful. The passports were now made valid for Maestricht.

Our road lay round the end of the Lausberg, on which the obelisk stands. It led us thro'

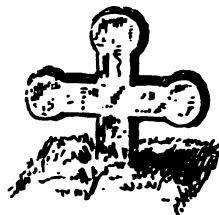
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a rich and pleasing country; the red foliage in the landscape exceeded in vividness any that I remember to have seen. About three miles from the city our friends took their farewell, Geck with an honest shake of the hand and a promise that we should see him in England, where he had been in the King's train, and consequently had seen little more than Kings see. Dresky saluted Mr. Vardon, Koster and myself, the only persons who were then on foot, first on the right side of the nose, then on the left, a ceremony to which I submitted with great resignation, and which my daughter witnessed with no less astonishment. And so farewell to Aix-la-Chapelle.

The road was even worse than it had been represented. An Englishman indeed must not expect to find such cross-roads on the continent as in his own country, far as they are even there from being what they ought to be. The country fertile and populous, and tho' in its picturesque appearance not entitled to a higher epithet than pleasing, pleasing it certainly was to a high degree. Streams, villages, churches, a chateau here and there, with its Flemish

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towers, and a general woodiness not produced by coppices or forests, but by enclosures and hedge rows. The willowy hue again predominated when we had left the bluer tint which the vast fields of cabbage occasion round the city. A residence among lakes and mountains has not in any degree diminished my enjoyment of humbler and milder scenes. We past a church yard full of gravestones, noticeable because we had not observed tombstones before in any such situation. These were all in the form of a short cross, the arms and top being broad and round.



When we were about three miles from Maestricht it began to rain most heavily; in so much that our carriage stopt and both Grumpy and the postilion took shelter under its lee, the former laughing heartily in the best humour, till the pelting had abated a little,

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and then we proceeded. The master of the horses, one of the hugest and heaviest men I ever saw, rode postilion to the first carriage—an unmerciful load he was, for he was at least six feet in stature, and all his limbs were of enormous bulk. Our postillion was a lad, apparently about seventeen, who smoked as he went, according to the abominable custom of this country, and had been more than once admonished by his master to pay a little more attention to the off-horse lest it should fall. The fellow chose rather to attend to his pipe, and so going down hill the horse tript and fell. It required all Grumpy's skill to keep the carriage back, and well it was that Grumpy was skilful; and it was some time before the horse could be got up. But then, to our no small astonishment, the lad, tho' he himself had not fallen, was so frightened that he ran away, meaning to make his way back to Aix-la-Chapelle. Koster pursued and presently brought him back; he still declared that he would drive us no farther; upon this his master gave him two or three well deserved strokes with the whip, and getting furious as he gave

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way to anger, threw him down in the dirt and trod upon his neck. Being in the close carriage I was so placed as not to see this act of ferocious anger. The lad, however, was more frightened than hurt; and the last fear prevailing over the first, he remounted and we reached Maestricht safely. The distance is four posts—about 18 miles.

The atmosphere was so thick with rain that we saw little of the city as we approached it, and in this we had some loss, considering its situation and its importance in military history. But we caught a sight of the moats and ramparts and drawbridges and gates in passing them. The Levrier is not so pleasantly situated as those hotels which stand in the Great *Place*; the Hostess has, however, a reputation among English travellers for obliging civility, and certainly she well deserves it. Everything here was good of its kind. The apartment was well furnished, and the walls so full of closets as literally to be lined with them. There were some family portraits decently executed, two landscapes ill cut in paper, poor specimens of a poor art; a bust of Voltaire about as good as

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the common porcelain ones of Wesley, and a companion to it which I suppose to be Rousseau.

Voilà quelque chose de rare! said our good-natured hostess, bringing in a plate of wild strawberries after dinner—and a rare it must be allowed they were in the middle of October.

There was no stirring out of doors the remainder of the day because of the continued rain.

Wednesday, Oct. 18.

There is a very fine raven belonging to this Hotel with a mane like a cock. He spoke the word Napoleon distinctly. Grumpy tells us there was one in this city which was known to be a hundred and ten years old, and used to wander about the place whither he pleased, being known to every man, woman and child as the Old Raven, and held sacred accordingly; till a year or two ago, when some French soldiers killed it in mere mischief.

Mr. Locker, when we fell in with him at Bruges, earnestly advised us not to omit seeing the quarries at Maestricht, which are the most

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remarkable excavations of their kind. We hired two hackney coaches at six franks each to take us thither, and according to custom drove thro' them in the usual route. But the horses in one turned restive, and had nearly overturned it; the way owing to the rain proved actually impassable; of necessity therefore we got out, and fearful of her catching cold I carried Edith May over the wet ground. We entered the hill, or mountain as it is called, under a low arch of masonry, where my Lady Governess, feeling the oppressiveness of the air, would fain have turned back if I would have permitted her, or if there had been any one to have returned with her. But we soon past this low entrance and found ourselves in the excavations, where, dead as the air is, and motionless, it produces no sense of weight or suffocation. We continued walking about an hour at a good brisk pace in these endless labyrinths, where I believe none of the party felt themselves perfectly at ease except the Guide, for irretrievably lost we must have been without him, as soon as we had lost sight of the entrance. Certainly it is *not* prudent to venture into such a labyrinth

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with only one guide who knew the way, and no more than two flambeaux, which were both lighted at the same time. But I determined, in case these should by any accident fail us, to sit down immediately and wait till we should be missed at the Hotel and search made for us. For if we remained in any part of the regular course, there we should be found. Among the names inscribed on the white stone pillars and roof was that of Ellen Locker. Buonaparte had been there and the Prince of Orange. The sides indeed were everywhere marked with the memorials of former visitors. They led us to a stone hollowed like a basin, into which water continually falls from the roof, drop by drop; and to a chapel decorated upon the excavated sides with drawings of purgatory, etc., by no means ill executed. Here and there were other drawings, heads, or whole-length figures, and in one place a Cherubim's head. We were told that these excavations extend all the way to Liège. I believe indeed that both cities have been built from them.

None of our party were so entirely at their ease during this hour's walk as not to acknow-

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ledge a feeling of hearty pleasure when once more in sight of daylight. We *debouched* upon an eminence above the Meuse, having on the right the ruins of a Castle which the Guide assured us was built by Julius Cæsar; and on the left shut in by the door of what had once been a Convent of Recollets, but is now in great part demolished, and the rest converted into a coffee-house and public garden. Maestricht was on our left. The scene reminded us in some respects of the view over the same river from Namur; it is not so fine, but we came upon it in a manner to make us feel its beauty most sensibly. Few things can be more striking than to emerge from a long subterranean walk upon such a prospect in light and sunshine; and it is well worth while to go into these frightful excavations, were it only for the pleasure of coming out of them. It was from the recollections of having felt thus at Wokey Hole some twenty years before, that I wrote the beginning of the last canto but one in Kehama.

When we entered the Gate yesterday a young Belgian Officer very civilly said he would not detain us in the rain, but would send for our

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passports. This, however, was not done. The English are apt to complain of this part of the police in other countries. We have never experienced the slightest trouble or inconvenience from it, and the regulation appears to me not only necessary at this time, but reasonable and useful at all times.

On our return to the Hotel the carriages were ready, and we started before twelve o'clock. The drivers lost some twenty minutes by taking a wrong road when they set out. Three leagues over the *pavé* to Tongres, a little before we reached it, there are some large and very well-shaped barrows. This place, once of such celebrity, is now in a state of sad decay. It has never recovered the wanton havoc committed there by the French in Louis the 14th's time. No modern nation has so many crimes of this kind to disgrace its history as the French. And perhaps there is not any Prince who ought to be so peculiarly odious for the havoc which his armies committed as Louis 14.

The Church here, which is said to have been the first that was dedicated to the Virgin Mary on this side the Alps, was set on fire by those

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wretches, and its fine tower destroyed. It is still a grand and venerable edifice, tho' disfigured by some incongruous additions. We entered it in time to be present at a christening. The child, which had been born that day, was well, or rather ill swaddled in the old preposterous fashion, and wrapt in a mantel most richly embroidered with coloured silks. The midwife carried it, and the father and sponsors attended—decent people in humble life. The ceremony was mumbled over by the Priest with as much haste and as little decorum as it is by the Vicar of —, and the infant having been blown upon, touched with spittle, crost, chrисened, sprinkled, oiled and salted, was laid on the altar. I observed that while the Priest read the office the lips of the attendants moved as if mechanically, tho' they did not understand what he was saying. The service was performed at one of the side altars, but I neglected (which I am sorry for) to observe of what Saint, and to ask the name of the child. A five-frank piece was given for her, as a memento that some English travellers had been present at her baptism.

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We lunched here with good appetites upon bread, butter, cheese and wine, good things which you meet with good of their kind everywhere in these countries—the bread, I think, always better than in England, and the butter and cheese generally so. Our room was hung with canvas painted in good imitation of tapestry. I went out to look for some fruit, and finding some excellent apples, proffered in payment a piece of the base metal which is current here, but which had been refused at the Liège post office. It was as much like a button as a bad shilling; they gave me as many apples as my pockets would hold, and a heap of copper money beside in exchange. Upon the same stall there were large snails lying for sale—the common large house-snail, not the larger kind which Sir Kenelm Digby imported, and which, if it still exists in Buckinghamshire, has not, I believe, travelled beyond it.

Here we were assured that the next two leagues were actually impassable without four horses to each carriage, and would scarcely be passable with them. The Landlady at Maestricht had boasted of the road to Louvaine as a

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light half day's journey for us—it was only two leagues, she said, of country road (*de terre* was her expression), and the rest of the way was like the street—which we should have thought no recommendation in England, but here it is as desirable for the traveller to get on the stones as it is there to get off them. For noise and jolting, however, the paved roads are just like the streets. We now perceived that we had been at cross purposes with Colonel Haliburton, and that this was the stage concerning which Mr. Short had desired him to warn us. There was some delay in getting horses from the plough, and we resumed our journey about four o'clock.

The Church continued in sight as long as there was light for distinguishing it—a grand and solemn object in this wide and open plain. Of what coarse clay must those beasts upon two legs be formed who are for pulling down Cathedrals and building Meeting Houses!

The roads were indeed, as Grumpy called them, *abominable*. Three times we were obliged to alight and walk while the carriages were dragged thro' places so bad that it was

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doubtful whether they would escape an overturn. These places were generally deep sloughs. But in one part, the way from one line of road (if road it may be called) into another had been banked up by the owner of the ground at the farther end, leaving the other open where we had entered, so that we were caught as in a trap. In the midst of this difficulty, where the nicest driving was required, the pin of our carriage came out, and never did I see more presence of mind and judicious exertion than were displayed in replacing it. Indeed, both drivers and postilions behaved with the greatest alacrity and good humour, and we got through at the expense only of a few *sacrés* and *sacrements*. An Englishman seems to increase his angry or vexed feelings by swearing, but the *pests* and *sacrés* which are in use here appear to act as safety valves. The words are uttered with a slow and deliberate earnestness of enunciation, in which the vexation that called them forth passes away. The third of these passes was an absolute Slough of Despond—a long piece of hollow road half full of water; but we had here the distant sound of wheels upon the paved way

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—and few sounds were ever more welcome to our ears. In the midst of this slough, where the water and mud were up to the horses' bellies, the pin came out a second time, and was a second time with equal dexterity replaced, tho' poor Grumpy could only act by the sense of feeling, it now being too dark for him to see what he was about. We were at this time walking on the high and dry bank above, and just then the moon rose behind us, red as blood, over the wide and open country which we were leaving.

Having at length cleared this passage, we reached the *chaussée*. From Maestricht, as far as Tongres, I believe to be the Liège road from that city, and we had now crost into the road from Liège to Brussels. The first letter in the alphabet represents the course—A: we have gone up the left leg half way, and then struck by the cross line into the right one, instead of describing the angle. There is a poor *cabaret* where this bye-road opens into the high one, and we went in to warm ourselves and dry our feet while the horses rested. The only liquor it afforded was white beer, a weak, fresh, and

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not unpleasant beverage, tasting well of the malt ; if bottled I have no doubt but that it would be a very agreeable summer drink. The kitchen was full of country fellows who neither moved their hats nor appeared in the slightest degree curious at beholding so large a party of foreigners. One man sate writing a letter the whole time, without once lifting his eyes from the paper. The mistress of the house was a woman of prodigious stature, at least six feet high. They were all decent in their appearance, and I may remark here that during our whole journey we have seen no drunkenness, no quarrelling (unless the affair of yesterday with the postillion be called so, which was rather a matter of chastisement), and no ill behaviour of any kind. We had full leisure for looking at these people well, and were all struck by the general good expression of their countenances.

Here the extra horses were dismissed ; the stage had been severe tho' short (about six miles), and the drivers were very thankful for a frank each, which they had well deserved. We paid for what our own horses had here, and also for the coachmen—which put them also in high

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good humour. They were two civil, good fellows as ever travellers fell in with. The moonlight served us well for our stage to St. Trou, which was three leagues. Our inn was the Hotel de Sauvage. We went into the public room, which was heated by a comfortless stove in the middle, and there we found a Belgian officer, who commanded the detachment stationed in this poor decayed town. Like every man with whom we have conversed, he seemed to have a strong impression that things were by no means settled. Peace, he said, had been dictated to the French, but not accepted by them. The mistress of the house said we must not expect much in so poor a place as St. Trou, which she called a village. What we had, however, was excellent in its kind—chops, fricassée, and omelet. The beds were good, and the charges more reasonable than had been anywhere else. I have called her the mistress because we supposed her to be so, but it appeared afterwards that the mistress was ill, and there was a Beguine in the house nursing her, from a Beguinage near the town.

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Thursday, Oct. 19.

Our chamber was a very large room with a black floor, the hearth a singular composition, being, if Edith May and I were not both mistaken, made of rushes, like a chair-bottom, or of twine (we could not ascertain which), plaited in a diaper pattern and thickly painted. We had a quilt of yellow sattin. Here, and almost everywhere, the tables are covered with an oiled marble-paper, set in a wooden border. The tower with the chimes stands in the great Place; it bears the date of 1606, and is painted black and white. There is also a large church, by which some fine old flat tombstones were lying, broken and half covered with filth. Large blocks of coal were to be seen in the shops, as if sold by weight.

Three leagues to Tirlmont. By the way we noticed an odd contrivance for the poultry. Some six or more feet from the ground there was a hole in the wall, to serve as a door for them; and sticks were driven into the wall, at intervals, like the steps of a ladder, for them to ascend by. We saw this at so many farms that

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it is plainly the custom here, and I suppose it is found to secure them from vermin. Some mud houses here have the whole side, which is most exposed to the weather, covered with thatch. The villages are not by the roadside; the churches very numerous everywhere. Here I saw a Royston crow, or what I took to be one—a crow with the head and wings black and the body grey. We past over Dumouriez' field of battle, in a wide and open country.

The gate thro' which we entered has been painted Orange colour, in compliment to the new sovereign. Much as I may approve the old cry of *Orange boven*, I certainly do not like an orange coloured town gate. The *Plat d'Etain* here is a good hotel. The Landlord remembers the battle in 1792, when a fourth part of the town was destroyed by an explosion; and this house had all its windows shattered, tho' far enough from the spot to escape any greater injury. This would account for the wide space, and the number of fields within the circuit of its old walls. But no part of Europe has suffered so frequently, or so severely, from war as these poor countries, of which Tirlemont and

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St. Trou and Tongres are melancholy proofs ; and the latter place especially, which is the more melancholy because it is a famous and a venerable name.

There is a fine church at Tirlemont, not a little disfigured by the buildings which are stuck against its sides. Buying some apples I was surprized to find that the woman who sold them spoke English. I bought also two coloured prints, designed for children, of the very coarsest kind, but not a little curious, representing in a series of compartments, one the history of Gulliver, the other that of Tom Thumb, with Flemish verses under each. Both stories are greatly corrupted. Gulliver is made to die in Brobdignag by falling into a tureen of soup; and Tom Thumb by falling into a pond from a tree where he has climbed to steal apples.

The trappings of the horses are in general very handsomely ornamented with brass nails. The leaders in these huge waggons are usually three abreast, the shaft horses in pairs. The cattle seem to be very well used. I have seen neither instance nor marks of cruelty to an

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animal, and I fear no man could travel a day in England without perceiving both.

When a nosegay is stuck in a cart or waggon, it is understood as signifying that what is for sale there is of the best quality.

Two leagues to Louvain. Here, as at Tirlemont, there are fields and barns within the old walls ; but Louvain is still a very large and populous city. In the early part of the 15th century (the golden age of the Low Countries) it was the largest city on this side the Alps. We had seen no dogs used in draught since we left Brussels till we arrived here. The church of St. Pauls here has a most magnificent pulpit : one side represents the Conversion of St. Paul, the other St. Peter, sitting, with the keys. These Pulpits in the Low Countries I suppose to be the finest specimens of carving in the world. Nor, indeed, is sculpture anywhere to be seen upon so large a scale of design and execution. *Chaire de la Verité*, they call the pulpit, a felicitous name, considering the enormous fables which have been delivered from it in Roman Catholick countries. I have in my possession Catholick sermons containing stories

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quite as amusing and quite as true as any in Mother Goose.

At our Inn here, the Hotel de Cologne, there is the same luxury of plate glass windows as at Brussels. The windows everywhere fasten as they do at Lisbon, with a large bolt, which presses up at one end and down at the other by turning a handle in the middle. But the workmanship is much better. We had some of the Peterman beer, for which this place is famous, at dinner. Finer I never tasted ; it is soft, mild, and strong as Burton Ale, but neither sweet nor cloying.

The Town House at Louvain was well characterised by Mrs. Vardon, who exclaimed at first seeing it that it was like a trinket, actually an architectural *bijoux*. The ornaments are so exquisitely rich that it looks like a thing of ivory or fillagree, designed for a Lady's dressing table. There is a very remarkable picture in one of the rooms which our guide (a most incompetent one, for he could neither understand us nor make us understand him) ascribed to Quintin Matsys. A Guardian Angel is pointing out the Crucified Saviour in Heaven to two

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children, a boy and a girl, who seem clinging to his knees. Another boy, who holds a cross, is looking wistfully to the Angel, but the Devil has his leg in a chain. He could tell us nothing of the history of the piece, but it plainly relates to some family unhappily divided in those religious troubles of which this Painter saw the commencement and progress.

I set out in search of the Beguinage, and after a long walk was conducted to the smaller one, for there are two in this city. This proved to be a single narrow street, closed at the one end. There are no gardens, and the houses are like those at Ghent, but not so large. A Beguine whom I met and accosted told me there were only three sisters here, the apartments being occupied by Nuns formerly belonging to the suppressed orders. The larger Beguinage, she said, had seventy sisters; but that was half an hour's walk, and time did not allow me to get there.

Tho' this large city is the seat of a University, I could not discover that it contained a decent bookseller's shop. At the best I could find, I picked out from a very few books three

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which I was glad to obtain. The one a Gazetteer of Louvain and what are called its *Mayeries*, published, I see, in successive years as an appendage to some Almanack, but collected into a volume, of a very unpretending and useful kind. Another is the Acta of King St. Ferdinand, in a good octavo, with the prints reduced, published in this form by the Bollandists before the volume of their great work, which includes his day, was ready. This belongs to my Spanish collection. The third relates to Irish or Scotch Ecclesiastical history: *Sancti Rumoldi Martyris Inclyti, Archiepiscopi Dubliniensis, Mechliniensium, Apostoli, Advocati sterilium conjugum, agricolarum, piscatorum institutorum, et hairgentium, Acta Martyrium, Liturgia Antiqua*, etc., by Hugo Vardœus, an Irish Franciscan, 1662. It had been a presentation copy from the Author. The book appears to contain a good deal of research into the dark as well as the fabulous ages of Scotland and Ireland.

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Friday, Oct. 20.

Five leagues to Brussels. On the way Edith May's quick eyes discovered the small or Lilliput cabbages growing like warts upon the stalks of what seemed common cabbages; and no doubt they are an artificial product. The road commands a most extensive prospect, such as the slightest elevation gives over a plain country. The cathedral at Mechlin was distinctly seen, and Antwerp, we were agreed, is visible to good eyes in clear weather. We left Laeken on the right, and reached our old quarters at Brussels to dinner.

During this tour wherever we went the blue frock continued to be the costume of the common men, and that of the women has nowhere varied from what we saw at Ostend. The men of the better orders wear caps more frequently than hats; these caps are mostly of grey or black cloth, with a front of the same or of horn, like a jockey's cap; or they are of velvet, and have generally then a circle of grey worsted (perhaps it may be Astrachan lamb-skin, real or imitated) at the bottom.

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The swine are as miserably lean as in Ireland—or leaner, if that can be. I called them not pigs, but grey-pigs—for as some humourists in England have trained pigs to point, here they might use them for coursing.

Saturday, Oct. 21.

Our chance acquaintance with Mr. Nash having by this time been ripened by mutual good will into incipient intimacy, he offered to make some Waterloo sketches for my intended poem, and for that purpose we returned this day to the field of battle, leaving the Vardons to pass the day with their Brussels friends. We set out a little after seven, the two Ediths with Nash and myself in the open carriage, Koster and Miss Foreman on horseback.

The forest of Soigny is very striking. It has none of the beauty of a natural forest; but because it is an artificial one, it has a character of its own, not always becoming impressive where it is upon a large scale. The trees are so straight that they look as if they had grown

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under the superintendence of a Drill Sergeant. An oak which stands on the verge of the forest, where it has room to spread its arms in natural growth, really appeared like a deformed and monstrous being, from its utter unlikeness to all the other trees. They stand in many parts so close that the interstices look only like straight lines of green light. The road is in many parts raised considerably above the level of the forest. Labouring men and boys were seated by the wayside at breakfast, and spreading their dark * brown bread with a white substance, which whether it be lard, or a sort of inferior butter, or curd, we have not yet learnt, tho' we have frequently seen it thus used. Saw one horse with a comb attached to the trappings of his neck; another with red tassels pendant over his face, which must be useful against the flies.

Breakfasted at Waterloo. Among other vessels in the kitchen there were to my no

* This bread is dark enough to explain the Dutch word for a favourite child, or one cockered, as we should say, and brought up on dainties. It is *wittebroodskind*—or *kindje*—a white bread child.

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small astonishment, six bright and shining pewter chamber-pots hanging up—evidently for ornamental display when not on service. Edith May tells me there were similar ornaments in the kitchen at Tongres. The inner room, in which a noble wood fire was kindled for us, contained four beds, which no doubt has been sadly occupied after the battle. On the chimney piece was a tuft of artificial flowers, something of the same kind more artificial still, being an imitation of flowers made with feathers, and with gilt foil for the stamens, and two hyacinth glasses of blue and gold. There is generally a sort of vallance or little canopy about a quarter of a yard deep over the chimney piece in these countries. The ceiling of the room was of black boards, the floor of bricks and sanded; and under the window was a hole to let the water out when the room is washed. Knowing at what sort of house we should make our first halt, we took our own tea rather than trust to the chance of finding coffee there, toasted bread by help of a gridiron which the people of the house brought us for that purpose, and breakfasted well as well as merrily.

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After breakfast Nash made a sketch of the Church, and I copied the inscription over its portico—interesting enough for its subject and its semi-pagan form.

D . O . M .
Et D . D . Josepho et Annoe,
Hoc Sacellum,
Pro Desideratâ Dominiis Catholicis
Caroli 2. Hisp. Ind. Regis, Belg. Principis Prosapia,
Fran. Ant. Agurto. Marchio de Castanaca
Belg. Gubernator.

Cause enough indeed had these poor countries to pray that that most pitiable poor king might leave issue to succeed him! There is a good portrait of this poor king in the *Acta S. Ferdinandi Regis*, which I bought yesterday; it is so truly characteristic that it alone would make the book valuable. I never saw a more complete union of gentleness, melancholy, and imbecillity.

There are two monuments in the Church to the English Officers: one to those of the first foot guards, the other to those of the 15th hussars, both at the cost of their brother officers; they are of plain white marble with a

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narrow black edge. I copied both inscriptions. The Church yard is a square unadorned inclosure, between two and three hundred yards behind the Church, or rather Chapel. Several graves were shown us on the way between, on the edge of the forest, where men had been buried who died of their wounds. In the Church yard are two flat tombstones close together, and both on the ground. One to Col. de Langrehr of the Bremen corps; the other to Lt. Col. Richard Fitzgerald of the 2nd Life Guards. The children who acted as our guides here said his body had been buried on the field, but was removed hither by his widow; and that it was the trunk only, the head having been carried off by a cannon ball. I copied these epitaphs also. There was but one other tombstone in the cemetery: it was that of an inhabitant of the village; and this, tho' it has been made some years, is not yet fixed—only laid upon some temporary supporters.

I enquired at the Inn if there were any remembrance in the village of an affair here in 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough gained

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some advantage upon this very ground, but could not learn that there was any recollection of it. They are so used to such things in these countries that nothing short of a general action leaves any impression upon them ; but I should add that the man of the house both speaks and understands French worse than any person whom we have met with who pretended to do either the one or the other.

Lord Uxbridge's leg, the most remarkable relic of modern times, is deposited in the garden of a house opposite the Inn, and on the same side of the road as the Chapel, the nearest house to it on the Brussels side. The owner of the house is as proud of possessing it as a true Catholic would be of an undoubted leg of his patron Saint. The figure, manner, and earnest enthusiasm of this Leg-worshipper were in the highest degree comic. I accosted him hat in hand, and with the best French I could muster (which is bad enough, Heaven knows), but as much courtesy as if I had been French by birth and breeding, requested permission to visit the spot. He led us to a little mound in his garden, which is in front of the

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house. The mound is about three or four feet in diameter, and of proportionate elevation (sounding words should be used on great occasions), and in the centre of it is a tuft of Michaelmas daisies; at this time in blossom. The leg, he told us, had been at first interred behind the house; but the Wife of my Lord has requested him to plant a tree which should mark the spot; and he, considering that a tree behind the house, which was not private ground, might be very probably injured or destroyed by boys, had removed the leg into his own garden, and there deposited it in a proper box or coffin. The Michaelmas daisy was a mere temporary ornament. In November he should plant the tree, it was to be "*un saule*—English *willow*." —*Oui, Monsieur*, I replied—*j'entends ;—l'arbre larmoyant ; the weeping willow*. It will be very picturesque and pathetic—the whole thing is so ridiculously comic that I hope no foolish person will hint to him that the laurel might be more appropriate. He had composed an epitaph for the leg, he said, which was then in the stone cutter's hands; but he had a copy of it. Of course I requested to be favoured with

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the perusal, and having perused it with due gravity solicited permission to transcribe it also. Upon this he presented me with the copy, and I then perceived that he had several other copies ready to be disposed of in like manner. Here follows the Epitaph, being I believe unique in its kind :

C'est enterrée la Jambe [de L'illustre, brave et vaillant Comte Uxbridge, Lieutenant General, Commandant en Chef la Cavalerie Anglaise, Belge et Hollandoise ; blessé le 18 Juin, 1815, en la memorable bataille de Waterloo : qui par son heroïsme a concouru au triomphe de la cause de Genre humain, glorieusement décidée par l'eclatante victoire du dit jour.

I did not present him with my own Epitaph upon the same subject in return.

This is the Grave of Lord Uxbridge's leg :
Pray for the rest of his body, I beg.

He was too proud of having such a deposit in his garden, too happy, and too serious in his happiness, for such a jest to have been allowable. He took us into the house and shewed us the stain of blood upon two chairs, telling

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us Lady Uxbridge had desired it might never be washed out. And he called for the boot, remarking as he displayed it, *Voilà quel petit pie pour si grand homme!* According to his account some dozen surgeons assisted at the operation, which I do not believe, because if the surgeons at hand had been fifty fold more numerous than they were, there would even then have been fifty times as much work as they could all have performed. It was amputated at eleven o'clock at night, and they were ten minutes about it, his Lordship never uttering an expression of pain.

The Forest extends farther on the East (that is the left) side of the road than on the West. To the end of the forest from Waterloo is a distance which we were thirteen minutes in driving at a regular jog-trot pace; from that termination to Mont S. Jean fifteen more, and another fifteen from thence to the Belle Alliance, La Haye Sainte being about half way between the two latter places, as nearly as may be. There was therefore no fighting within two miles and a half of Waterloo.

At Mont S. Jean the wells are in some of

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the houses, a door opening directly upon it. This must be for the double purpose of security and cleanliness. Our guide seemed delighted at recognizing us as we drove past, tho' his services were not needed on this second visit. We left the carriage and the two horses at La Belle Alliance and crost the fields to Hougoumont, taking a boy with us to carry our provisions. The Gardiner gladly bade us welcome here. Mr. Nash established himself by the house, to the left of the entrance, chusing a point of view in which the Chapel is the prominent object, with the adjoining ruins to the right; and while he was thus employed we reconnoitred the ground a second time at leisure.

I now discovered in the garden a sun-dial cut in box, but having been neglected and allowed to grow in its own way since the action. I should not have perceived what it had been if the wooden gnomon had not caught my eye and induced me to examine the circular bed in which it stood. It is surprizing to see how many small trees have been destroyed in the wood, and in a row beside the path, at the end

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of the premises. There can be no better proof how thickly the shot must have fled. The owner of the estate, a man of eighty-six, who resides at Nivelles, has just sold the wood for felling, and wishes to dispose of the whole property. I wish it might be allowed to remain untouched, that the ruins themselves might remain as the best monument of the brave men who are buried underneath them.

Mr. Nash made a second sketch from the door of the Chapel, comprizing the interior of the ruins, and another of the Mansion looking at its entrance. When making this, his seat was placed on the mound where the burnt remains of the Frenchmen are covered, and the children who beg here with the most invincible pertinacity actually offered him for sale some calcined bones which they had raked out of a hole.

Leaving the ladies here, I walked with Koster to Papelote, which is a large inclosed farm and dwelling house like Hougoumont, and is perhaps the more picturesque place of the two, tho' it does not appear to have been so recently inhabited as the mansion of a wealthy owner. Had these short days permitted, I could very

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much have wished that Mr. Nash should have made some sketches here also. They are rapidly rebuilding such parts as were destroyed. We spoke with the owner, a plain farmer he appeared to be. There had not been many men killed here, but a great many wounded Prussians had been carried into the stables, which escaped the fire; and tho' he made repeated applications at all the neighbouring places both for means of transport and for assistance, they had neither to give, and in this state of utter abandonment did Mr. Werth find these poor creatures five days after the battle.

At some little distance a fine plain stone pillar is lying on the ground, apparently from the ruins of some considerable edifice.

Hougoumont and Papelote were the extreme points of the British position. We were three quarters of an hour in walking from one to the other at a brisk pace; the distance therefore is three miles. The fighting extended no farther on the left than to the end of the Orchard, some two hundred yards. The French had possession of it for some quarter of an hour, and then abandoned it upon the appearance of the

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Prussians. Papelote is not upon the Wavre road, but on a road that turns from it to the right. The road from La Haye Sainte to this turning is lined with graves, and here we saw more bones than in any other part of the field. More than once the air told us in how hasty and insufficient a manner the bodies had been covered. This labour, and an enormous labour it must have been, was left for the peasants to perform—for their own sakes and at their own cost. It is no part of military business to bury the dead.

As we walked leisurely over the field on our return, the inequalities of the ground were considerable enough to make us take a little circuit for the sake of avoiding them. Certainly, therefore, in bad weather they would greatly impede the cavalry. It was an affecting circumstance to observe the oats which had been trodden down during the battle springing up here and there. The young corn was shewing itself in other places.

We conversed with Lacoste, who has obtained so much notoriety for having been involuntary guide to Buonaparte. He was with him during the whole day, and assured us that Buonaparte

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never charged at the head of the cuirassiers, nor ever, in any part of the action, exposed himself. The Observatory, he says, was erected by the Belgian Government, and there are three or four such along the frontier between this place and Ghent.

Five or six parties of English arrived while we were here. We afterwards learnt that Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster, was with one of them. Among the pertinacious children who infest this place, the most pertinacious was a girl, drest in a good and apparently new upper dress, which was carefully pinned up to display a ragged under petticoat and present an appearance of poverty. It will be well if the habits of greedy mendicity, in which all these children have been encouraged by their parents and by the shoals of visitors, do not render them shameless and worthless thro' life. There is a noble dog at Hougoumont who remained there with the Gardener, his master, during the greater part of the action, barking at times bravely, as if he would willingly have taken part in it. But when the French got possession of the wood, General Maitland desired the man

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to get off while he could, lest the enemy, if he fell into their hands, should put him to death as one who had given information to the English.

It was dark before we returned to Brussels . . . some apprehension was expressed as if there might be robbers in the forest (for whom it certainly affords fine cover), and at the gate we were questioned concerning our passports.

The women in this country take a much greater part in business than they do in England. Very commonly they keep their husbands' accounts ; they are quite as active in the shops ; and I am told that it is not uncommon for them to have the management of the concern. There must be advantages in this, as well as objections to it ; and I am inclined to think the advantages predominate.

The houses very much resemble those in Spain and Portugal as to the entrance, doors, etc. ; in fact, the Spanish fashion in building them still prevails. They are often coloured of a light green. Throughout Flanders the favourite colour for doors and window shutters (which all open outwards) is grass-green, and

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nothing can give a more chearful appearance. The doors of good houses have generally a brazen knob or handle (which is a Bristol fashion) fixed in a brazen star. The stables are all without stalls, which makes them cooler and cleaner. Hooks are fixed on the roofs of the houses to secure ladders when laid there for the purpose of repairs. The form of the common saw here is like that of a turning saw.

Sunday, Oct. 22.

Wishing to see Antwerp, which the Vardons had seen, we left them at Brussels, where they were to remain this day and meet us to-morrow evening at Ghent. Mr. Nash accompanied us. On the way we crost the Allée Verte, and had a good view of the gardens at Læken and the back of the palace, which is certainly most finely situated. A little beyond is a fine villa, with long covered walks and jetting fountains. The covered walk is better in a warmer climate, and there it is perfectly delightful—a natural cloister, perfumed by orange, lemon, or jessamine

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blossoms, or enriched with clusters of grapes. I like fountains, and think we have done ill in discarding them from the English garden. The sound is always soothing, and in a sultry day they produce the sense as well as the association of coolness and freshness. We saw some splendid trekschuits, tho' perhaps none so handsome as that which plies between Bruges and Ghent. They look more like Chinese junks than European vessels. The barges have on each side a large moveable fin, which prevents them from falling to windward. It is no doubt borrowed from the fin of a fish, and is shaped and used like them.

We past thro' Vilvorde, where there is an immense House of Correction, large enough to *acomodate* six thousand criminals, with separate apartments. It is probably the largest edifice of its kind in the world, and poisoners are sent there from all parts of the Low Countries. Vilvorde is remarkable to a Protestant, and more especially to an Englishman, on another account, as being the place where Tindal suffered martyrdom. He was betrayed by an English Catholic, who was a student at Louvain,

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and the Clergy of that University delivered him over to the secular arm—to be strangled and burnt. The town is still Catholic, and those of its inhabitants who are not unbelievers would, I have no doubt, at this day justify his execution, such is the unmitigated and immitigable spirit of this abominable superstition. More allowance, however, is to be made for its intolerance in the Netherlands than in any other part of Europe.

The acacia is a very common tree here.

Four leagues from Brussels to Mechlin, or Malines, as it is here called. The public room at the Cour Imperial was hung with embossed leather, of which the greater part of the ground was covered with gilding. I never saw so magnificent a remnant of old times. The Cathedral Tower is remarkable (that is, it appeared so to me) for the depth of its projecting parts. They have the fashion of placing only the skeleton of a dial upon their church clocks. In particular lights the figures are sufficiently distinct; and I suppose the reason for the fashion is the same as for our invisible fences, that the clock may not be seen, or rather seen as little as

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possible, unless you have occasion to look at it, being, tho' a necessary appendage to a church tower, no ornament to it in the opinion of these architects. Be this as it may, the effect of these skeleton dials is by no means good. Give me an honest clock that shows its face and a quarter-boy standing at each side.

The Cathedral is a very fine one. Within there is, according to the usual custom in the Low Countries, a whole length statue upon every pillar ; and there is also a second regiment above them ; but this upper range consists of *Termes*, if that word be fitly applied to half-length figures, ending in a pedestal which makes up the full length of life. There is much fine marble in the Church, and, withal, some imitations of marble, always provoking for their paltriness ; for example, there is some carving in the choir painted to look like bas relief in white marble, and some monuments, which you think very fine at first sight, betray the same meanness upon nearer inspection.

Mechlin is at present the great seminary for the Clergy. Many of the students were walking about the streets at liberty, which we were told

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was only allowed there on Sundays. Some of the houses are ornamented with gilding on the outside. The great Place has a singular building, which I suppose to be the Town-house, with two pointed Flemish towers on each side the gate. The Beguinage here is of some extent, and resembles that at Ghent, except that there are neither courts nor gardens before the houses. Mechlin is an interesting place, which well deserves to be seen at leisure.

The country from Brussels to this city is chiefly pasture. I saw a pye-bald sheep on the way, spotted like a water spaniel. We have seen so few sports among the boys that the sight of a party at ninepins was noticed by us as something extraordinary. There are so many public gardens in the vicinity of every large town that it is evidently very much the custom to frequent them.

From Mechlin to Antwerp four leagues. We past thro' a large village half way, with a large church where service was going on at three in the afternoon, and the church was crowded. The congregation consisted wholly, as it appeared to us, of the lower ranks, and

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very many sailors among them, on their knees, in much apparent devotion. Both here and at Vilvorde the coachman, when he stopt to water his horses, drove under a large open shed, erected to afford shelter (should it be needed) at such times.

Near Antwerp there are some extensive public gardens, which have been so recently made that they have not yet any one beauty to recommend them. You merely perceive that they will be places for recreation when the plants shall have had time to grow. If we were correctly informed, they are laid out upon the ground where a considerable part of the suburbs stood, which was pulled down by the French. Yet to this bare and joyless spot (as we should have deemed it) all Antwerp and his wife, and all the little Antwerps, were crowding.

Our passports were required as we entered, and we were told to call for them at the Police Office between the hours of six and seven. Having reached the Bear Hotel we asked for a private room, and were shewn into one with a stove and a sanded floor. Dinner was ordered at six, and we set out to make the best use of two hours daylight.

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The first place to which the Commissionaire led us was the Cathedral. Its celebrated tower is like the Town house at Louvain, a piece of architectural trinketry ; but here, to my feelings at least, the trinketry is out of place. It excited surprize, wonder, and perhaps admiration ; but I felt that grandeur and effect had been sacrificed. You must be near enough to see the lace work distinctly, otherwise the form only is perceived, which has neither the solemn massiveness and majesty of a tower nor the light sky-pointing beauty of a spire. Surprisingly beautiful, however, in its kind it is. Charles 5 said of it, when he saw it first, that it ought to be shut up in a case and shewn only once a year. We saw it under the most favourable circumstances—in an evening light, against a clear sky, which made all the open parts distinct.

Perhaps the interior has lost nothing in effect from having been mercilessly stript by the Revolutionists and the French. It has now the *naked* grandeur of an English cathedral. All the Images have been destroyed except one, which a mechanic of the town purchased in the

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time of havoc, preserved, and has since replaced. Of six and thirty chapels which it contained, the French only left one. They sold the brasses, broke the marbles, and melted down the plate. A safer method of inlaying monumental stones is practised here. The stone is a blueish marble, and the letters, armorial bearings, and ornaments or emblems are let in in white.

The Pulpit is poor in comparison with those which we have lately seen. Four figures, representing the four parts of the world, support it, and emblematic birds and other animals are grouped about it. The great picture of Rubens is expected to-morrow; others have already arrived from Paris (for which honour and praise to the name of old Blucher), and when they are replaced there is to be an illumination and a day of public rejoicing, in which, if it were my lot to be present, I should partake as heartily as if I were a Roman Catholic and a native of Antwerp.

The Commissionaire was now leading us towards the Docks, but we had so little daylight remaining that none could be afforded for

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an object of no great interest to any one of the party; so he turned back to the Museum, in all the avenues to which there was an abominable and sickening stench of uncleanness from the cloacas. Here is the Chair of Rubens, so inscribed, and decorated with a laurel wreath round that inscription, which is always replaced before it grows sere. Mr. Nash, as in duty bound, kissed the chair. A Church which under the French has been appropriated for the use of the Academy of Design, has lately been emptied of its pictures that it may be fitted up as a place of worship for the English. The Commissionaire now said he would take us to a Church which had not its equal in the world; and as far as any of us had seen the World, he was right in his boast. For in a Court belonging to the Church, and adjoining to it, half the scripture history is represented by figures large as life, and coloured to life; and at the end is a huge Calvary built up against the wall of the Church and made to the model of the Holy Sepulchre, the two inventors, we were told, having made three journies to Jerusalem in order that the plan might be perfectly

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correct. Then statues, lettered B. Jordanus and B. Gundisalvus, are the first as you enter. Round about the Sepulchre you see thro' iron grates the Souls in Purgatory praying amid the flames—whether the beatified artists went thither also to make their sketches on the spot our guide did not inform us. The body in the Sepulchre is covered with a white silk pall; you look at it thro' a hole, and see it by the light of a lamp within. This was the most ridiculous puppet show in all its parts that I ever saw.

The Dominican Church, to which it is attached, has a good picture of the Descent from the Cross painted some seven years ago at Rome by an artist who is still living, and whose name sounded to our ears like Seltz—perhaps Schultz. There is a singular clock over the entrance to the Choir; a dart in the hand of an Angel points to the hours which are marked upon a revolving globe. The Confessionals in this Church are ranged against the wall all round, and have statues about them of dark brown wood, large as life, making a terrific appearance, especially as we saw them when the evening was closing fast.

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We went also to the Church of St. Jaques, which is exceedingly rich in marble, but our reason for going there was to see the grave of Rubens. There was a large Beguinage, which the French destroyed, because the site was wanted for some of their works. The Beguines, to the number of some six or seven hundred, are now lodged in a convent, a change made for the worse. There, as throughout these countries, they are much respected, and they are said not to be poor. The great street is certainly a very fine one, and may fairly be ranked with those at Madrid and Oxford wherewith it is compared. That at Naples, which is named with them, I have not seen. Yet the Calle de Aleala is much longer, and terminates more finely in a gateway, and the High Street at Oxford contains much finer buildings. Water is flowing under the street.

As we had asked for a private apartment, I was displeased upon our return at finding a great, fleshy, florid fellow, who looked like an Englishman, seated at dinner in the room which we had engaged. However, he soon took his departure, without having opened his mouth

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for any other purpose than that of putting something into it, and when the book was brought for us to enter our names and designation, I perceived that he styled himself Doctor, and was Irish. The door of the stove when it was opened displayed a grating within, so as to allow the sight of a fire, which makes no inconsiderable part of its comforts. After some trouble in the search, Koster found out our trekschuit acquaintance, Mr. Sergeant, and brought him to pass the remainder of the evening with us. From him we heard all that he had heard or knew respecting Antwerp. He told us, what may well be believed, that there is a large party of Buonapartists here, for Antwerp is one of the few places which derived great advantage from his policy, and that the late Mayor, for belonging to this faction, had been compelled to resign his office a few days ago. The English, he said, had been very popular as long as there were other troops in the town; but now, when they were quartered on the inhabitants, they were no longer liked, and the people were not civil to them. In consequence of this marked incivility, many officers

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who could afford it had taken lodgings, to the great alarm of the former hosts, who are thus put in fear of having their quarters occupied by less scrupulous guests. The firing of the 16th was heard here, not that of the 18th, which, the wind being in an opposite direction, was heard at Herve.

A Hanoverian Officer assured Sergeant that the German Officers in general made it a rule if one of them spoke to another in French to knock him down, and that such a blow was not to be resented. They had determined also that their children should not learn to speak the language of their mortal enemies.

Sergeant told us a truly characteristic story of his own countrymen. A fellow was brought before his father for having been one of the most active persons in a desperate riot—to which indeed his appearance bore full proof. He however protested that he was as innocent as a babe unborn: "All I had to do with it, your honour, was this. As I was walking along thinking of nothing at all, I saw a parcel of men fighting, so I only took my shillelah to help one of the parties, and cried out as I ran

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into the thick of them—God grant I may take the right side.”

Monday, Oct. 23.

Our bedroom was very comfortable, and, for the first time, carpetted. Sergeant having been upon duty all night, called upon us according to appointment at half after six and took us to the citadel. We got there before the draw-bridge was lowered, and a crowd was waiting for admission, among whom were men who had slept out without leave. The citadel is to the S.W. of the town. There had formerly been some fine trees between them, which Carnot cut down, and our men had hardly yet cleared them out of the ditches.

The carts which came with vegetables to market were packed with remarkable nicety. Everything was in baskets, resembling in shape our strawberry baskets, and containing I suppose a certain measure. The cart was filled with them, and others even hung round the outside, so that there was nothing more to do than to take the baskets out and arrange them

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in the market place. The market is held at the top of the great street.

Charges at the Bear were high. They have indeed everywhere been higher than they ought to be in a land which is overflowing with plenty. But this is because we are English.

The Coachman had crossed the Scheldt at seven o'clock, high water being necessary either for embarking or landing the carriage. We were on the other side before nine, leaving Antwerp thro' a gate which has a large statue of Neptune, or some river God over the entrance. The Scheldt we thought to be about as wide as the Thames at Greenwich, and the water was just savoured with salt. The city and its towers were seen to great advantage from the river and the opposite shore. The ferry was cheap, the weather fine, and the passage to Tête de Flandre pleasant; but if the traveller goes from Ghent to Antwerp it is desirable that he should reach Tête de Flandre early enough to cross, otherwise he must put up at an uncomfortable *auberge*.

The first three miles of our journey lay over open and marshy pasture lands, which of all

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kinds of country is the dreariest. We then entered upon inclosures where the cultivation was in the highest degree careful, the Pays de Waas indeed, being the most highly cultivated part of Flanders, and consequently of Christendom. What there may be in Asia I know not, but in any other part of the world I believe there is nothing can be compared with this. And it is not a little gratifying to perceive how much beauty has been produced by this wise and careful industry, which had utility alone in view. The richest parts of England present nothing more woody, tho' the wood here consists only of double rows of trees, one on each side the ditches which divide the fields. The fields are for the most part very small—gardens perhaps they ought rather to be called, both from their size and produce. Every one is slightly raised in the middle, with an inclination which is just sufficient to be perceptible toward the sides. This is evidently that the water may run off, not for the purpose of increasing the surface, as has foolishly been stated by writers who either had not seen the ground or did not reflect upon what they were saying.

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The first place on the way is Beveren, the chief place of the Pays de Beveren (a Barony in old times), which is almost surrounded by the Pays de Waas. It is one of those places called in French a *franchise*, which is more than a village and less than a town, and may perhaps be rendered a privileged village. In size however, beauty and apparent opulence and comfort, it is superior to half the towns we have seen. The next place to which we came, St. Nicholas, is of the same description; but it is a finer place, and has indeed the name of being the wealthiest and finest village in the world. Nothing can exceed the neatness and visible welfare of this place, and be it observed that this is not a prosperity arising from manufactures—if it were, there would be none of this neatness and quiet comfort—but wholly from agriculture and the trades which every community requires.

In the Great Place at St. Nicholas, or what in England might be called the Green, is a pole with a bird on the top, which the men practise in shooting at.

As we drove by I perceived a bookseller's

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shop. Thither I went while the horses were watered, and was received with a degree of coldness amounting even to sour incivility by the mistress. The cause was explained when she said she supposed I was a Frenchman, and the change in her manner was instantaneous when I assured her she was mistaken. She then told us that her husband had been obliged to conceal his most valuable books when the French were in authority there, and they had suffered much from that detested people. Here I bought the *Lives of the Admirals*, an old popular compilation in Dutch, and, overlooking the inconvenience of transporting it, the great history of the War in the Netherlands down to the year 1600, by Pieter Bor, in four huge folios. We were, however, sufficiently amused with that inconvenience as we carried them off, I bearing one under each arm in triumph, and Mr. Nash and Koster following with one each; and we laughed heartily as we stowed them in the coach, even the Coachman joining in our mirth.

Beyond this place, which is two posts and a quarter (about 12 miles) from Tête de Flandre, the country becomes less beautiful.

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In some places where the soil is poorest they cultivate turneps. It is not for an under-layer in husbandry. No sort of hay-kind is grown along the whole way from the Scheldt: at least we saw none growing, nor vestige of any. When we had left the pasture land the inclosures were all filled with culinary herbs, with here and there a few beds of flax and wool. In the moorier and worse soil there is sometimes a strip of woodland by the wayside: and as we advanced further we came again to pasturage. An old man was making wine in a manner sufficiently rude: the string, which was of very great length, was past over nails driven into some of the roadside trees, and a boy (probably his son) turned a wheel at the end of the walk.

We dined at Lokeren, which is about eight miles from St. Nicholas and twelve from Ghent. Here we had pewter plates and sour red wine, but the other fare was good. There is an odd sign here of a stag's head, in which real horns are fixed upon a painted head. Some few miles farther a party of men and women were playing bowls, all in great glee, and some of them slapping their thighs as an expression of delight.

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We saw many women making lace in their houses, an employment which seems to be wholly domestic in these countries. Pasture and bleaching grounds near Ghent, where we arrived at five o'clock, and were joyfully recognised by the good people of the Hotel de Flandres, from the Master and Mistress down to the little boy who ascended the Belfrey with us.

HAVING in consequence of the advanced season dismissed the open carriage, we had taken a close one, and a different coachman from Brussels. This man had been employed in conveying the wounded from Waterloo to the hospital in that city, and what he had seen while upon that service, he said, had made him ill. He enquired of Koster what was the meaning of O Lord! which he said the men repeatedly cried out along the road. Some of our officers, whom he had seen lying on the field, were pierced with more than twenty bayonet wounds.

The Vardons arrived at Ghent half an hour after us, and we supt at the *Table d'Hote*. Here Koster had a long conversation with a

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high spirited young Frenchman, who hated Buonaparte, despised the Bourbons, and groaned over the state of his country. The Marshals, he said, were all brigands, except one or two; instancing Clarke and Macdonald as exceptions. And when we mentioned Pudinot, he exclaimed with great delight, Pudinot is my countryman! Louis, he said, ought to have hanged some thirty of the chief brigands, and broken all the officers of the rabel army; and in this I heartily agreed with him. The Duke de Berry seems to be detested by everybody; he must have a rare union of demerits to be regarded at once with so much contempt and abhorrence. In one point this young Frenchman, however, was mistaken. He insisted that the old Guard cared nothing for Buonaparte; that it was for their country they felt and fought, and that they would have fought with the same good will for the King. Now our coachman had seen one of this guard who had lost both thighs, and in that condition lain four and twenty hours upon the field. He had seen that man wave his hat over his head for Buonaparte, and heard him exclaim: *Vive l'Empereur, au sacré*

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nom de Dieu! It is beyond all doubt that there was a very strong military feeling in Buonaparte's favour.

Tuesday, Oct. 24.


Seven leagues to Courtray. The road comes frequently near the river Lys. We saw some barges drawn against the stream by six or seven men, with much greater exertion than I should have looked for in so level a country. Vines are in some places here trained upon the roofs of the houses, and the appearance is very pleasing. Some houses have three or four rows of tiles at the bottom of the thatch; and the thatch at the points of the house is usually tied in some fantastic form.

During this day's journey we had some cloud scenery of the grandest character. At one time the clouds were cumulated till they resembled a range of Alpine mountains covered with snow, and with the appearance of deep rifts and drifts, the sun shining upon them. At another they extended in one dark mass above us, but terminated on the west in a line of lighter sky,

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over which a curtain literally seemed to be let down when the rain began to fall there in heavy streaks.

The effect of the light falling upon the red sails of a windmill in motion was equally singular and striking. In some places there was a most abominable stench of manure. Vespasian might well lay a tax upon such a commodity if it were used in this way.

We put up at the Golden Lion, which is an excellent hotel, but the charges higher than they ought to be. We had the comfort of a grate and a good fire in the sitting room. The hearth was composed of bricks set within a brazen plate of this shape, , the brass where it was straight being more than a foot wide. There were some prints in the room engraved at Augsburg from English originals; the subjects were from Werter, and I think they were Bunbary's designs. Here I find that the oiled-paper table tops fit like a cover, over a deal frame. They make up thirty-three beds in this house, and one woman, who is the only female servant, does the whole work, and cleans the house also. We had English knives here,

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and the desert was served upon fine old China. This is the only place where we were asked if we had brought our own sheets or would use those of the house. Every thing was very good here, but the charges higher than we had found them anywhere else, except at Aix la Chapelle.

The *Place* at Courtray has one fine object, a tower, which appears to rise very incongruously from some modern houses. The town has little appearance of life, and yet little of decay. There were some pitiful caricatures of the English in a shop window : one of them represented *Mylord Plumpudding avec Mylady Corrhée*. Nothing could be worse.

Here I bought the *Histoire Monumentaire du Nord des Gaules appuyée sur les Traces marquantes et les Vestiges durables des Anciennes Colonies qui ont illustré les Fastes Belghiques*. Par J. B. Lambioz, T. 1^r, printed at Mons, without a date, but about 1800 I suppose. As the work of a curious and credulous man, who has brought together the antiquities, traditions, and fabulous history of these parts, with some learning and little discrimination, I am glad to have met with it, and wish it had been

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continued thro' three volumes more, as the author proposed.

Wednesday, Oct. 25.

The Landlord enquired which of our party had slept in No. 29, and having learnt that Koster was the person, told him the Duke of York had slept in that same bed and chamber five and twenty years ago.

Courtray appeared to most advantage as we left it. Two short leagues to Menin, over a dismal country, but of good pasture. Menin, which once exported much cloth, especially to Spain, and whose breweries were famous far and wide, is now a decayed and dolorous place, strikingly so to those who remember how frequently it was mentioned in the Gazettes during the first years of the war. The buildings are in ruins; grass is growing in the streets; the works are neglected; they are cultivated in some places, and one part is converted into a cabbage garden. *Sic transit!*

Three longer leagues over a pleasanter country to Ypres. The scenery becomes more English,

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and in one part there were some fields slovenly enough to look like bad English farming. On our left we had some rising ground, and the remarkable hill upon which Cassel stands in the distance. We saw a great many windmills in this stage, and very picturesque ones; some had the door very high above the ground, others with a round stone building at the base. Upon arriving at Ypres we found that there were 3000 Hanoverians quartered in the town.

We drove to two inns, both in the Great Place. The one appeared very bad, and at the other, which was little better, the extreme incivility of the people determined us not to stop; so we sallied in search of something less repulsive, and found civil treatment at the Tête d'Or.

While dinner was preparing I went out with Koster and Mr. Nash to see what this decayed and mournful city might contain. In the days of its prosperity the Great Place must have been one of the finest things in the Low Countries, perhaps the very finest. For tho' the Town House has not the florid beauty of those at Louvain and Brussels, it is more imposing

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than either, from its extent and grandeur and position. I know of no building wherewith it may be compared. It has a character of its own, and might be taken either for a palace or for the most magnificent of colleges.

In the Cathedral, which stands behind this noble edifice, there are some respectable pictures. One, which the Sacristan pointed out to us, represented an attack upon the city by the English in former times. Over one of the doors within there are some life-large figures of Saints and Bishops painted on wood, and cut out to resemble life. In a land which has been above all others prolific of great painters, one wonders to find such things as these. It is remarkable that the very name of Jansenius, "wherewith all Europe rung from side to side," is now utterly unknown to the very people who shew this church wherein he is buried. I wished to have seen his grave. The Sacristan knew of no such person; perhaps, he said, it might be the Bishop Henry, whose surname had not been added upon his tombstone, and who died in 167- the tombstone having apparently either been prepared in his lifetime or, by some strange

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neglect, left in this unfinished state by his representatives. But Jansenius' name was Cornelius, and this was the grave of Henrik van Halmale, the fourth Bishop after him, who died in 1677. Perhaps the monument of Jansenius may have been removed thro' the influence of the Jesuits. Perhaps the materials were worth something, and it may have been demolished in the days of revolutionary plunder. It was a disappointment to me not to find it, tho' I have no respect for his person and a thorough detestation for his doctrine, which is mere Calvinism.

Seeing that an old plan of Ypres, made in the 15th century, had been newly engraved, and was announced for publication by bills upon the walls, I went to the shop where it was sold. I did not, however, purchase it, because from its size it could not have been carried without inconvenience and injury; but there were some books in the shop, among which, few as they were, I found some that I was very glad to obtain. The one was a Dutch Poem upon the Great Earthquake at Lisbon, by Frans de Hals, a quarto, with some large vignettes,

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and an admirable portrait of the author by Houbreken, the face being most remarkable for length of narrow chin and prominence of nose. Disagreeable the countenance is not, for it is mild and intellectual; but nothing can well be imagined more unhandsome, and yet the Author has printed some verses, written in his fifteenth year, on the effects produced upon him by a kiss from a sweet mouth! Some of his poems are upon a less trivial subject—the benefit he had derived from Mrs. Stephens's remedy for the Stone.

My other purchase was a collection—and I believe a compleat one—of Vondal's Works, which must have been made with no little care, the plays having all been printed separately, and none of the other compositions collectively, except two vol. of Poems. The portrait of him in his eighty-fourth year is the very finest engraved portrait I ever saw for effect and breadth, and yet it has no engraver's name affixed to it. The collection is in eleven volumes foolscap quarto, and I paid forty franks for it—a great prize. At Brussels I wished to have bought the works of Jacob

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Cats, who of all writers in all languages best deserves to be called the Household Poet ; but for the best edition, in one huge folio, Verbeyst asked 140 franks ; and tempting as the book was, I might as well think of buying a Tortoise-Shell Tom Cat as giving such a price for it.

This purchase will always make me recollect Ypres with pleasure. The stove at our Inn contained the fire in a well-shaped urn. The wine was bad there, especially a weak sweet wine to which they give the name of Tours, and which is, of course, a wine from the Loire, about the worst in kind I ever tasted. We had met with it before at La Belle Alliance. In general, when the wines have not been good we have found the Rhenish the best ; being the best of good wines, it seems, even when bad, to preserve its superiority.

The Coachmen were very much out of humour with Ypres. *C'est une vilaine ville !* said the one. You have not fared well then ? was the reply, upon which he answered, *C'est ne pas Bruxelles*, and declared that he would never again take this road with any person. The country immediately without the walls is in

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pasturage, drear and ugly. It soon improved, and again became of English character. Hop-poles are laid up in the fields in stacks and thatched over. The stench of manure upon this day's journey was sometimes almost intolerable; some of it was in barrels. It was plain even to nasal demonstration that nothing is wasted here which can be applied to this useful purpose. The distances are irregularly estimated by short leagues, strong leagues, and leagues of the post; the latter are like our posting miles in England, measured for the profit of the posting concern. Indeed, we have everywhere found the distance less than it was represented. The barriers are each a post league asunder. There are neither mile nor league stones; and when you come to a directing post, it expresses the distance by the fractions of a post, thus: $\frac{2}{4}$ vers Ypres, $\frac{2}{4}\frac{1}{2}$ vers Poperinge. It is a stage of two short leagues from Ypres to Poperinge, and there I am now writing by a comfortable wood fire, in a bedroom at the *Grand Cerf*. The fireplace of this chamber is as large as the *ingle* of an old farmhouse, and when we came in it was closed by a

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chimney board big enough to have served as a scene for a strolling company of players. The people are civil and obliging. They sent us good coffee in an old battered ill-shaped coffee pot which had once been plated, but now the copper was everywhere appearing ; the cups were of beautiful French porcelain, made at Nantz.

Thursday, Oct. 26.

We breakfasted in the public room, which was in no better stile than the rest of the poor house. It was, however, furnished with some prints which, tho' poor in themselves, were interesting to me for their subjects. One which bore for its title *La Lionne reconnoissante*, represented the lying story of the woman at Buenos Ayres which is told by Charlevoix on the authority of I know not what fellow fabler. Its companion was upon a truer tale, a mother falling on her knees before a Lion who had got loose in the streets of Florence, and entreating him to spare her child. Over the chimney was an engraved portrait, which probably had hung

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there from the time it was published, and now recalled a long train of mournful recollections. It was the portrait of *Elizabeth Philippe Marie Hélène de France, Sœur de Monseigneur le Dauphin, née a Versailles le 3 Mai, 1764.*

The church at Poperinge is much dilapidated. They are now repairing the inside, and the masons, to my surprize, were going on with their work during mass, tho' the church was as full as the population of the place gave any cause for expecting. A flat tombstone from the floor of the church was lying in the street. I noticed one at Courtray which had been laid in the pavement. In England we walk over them with indifference in a church or church-yard; it would not be so if we were to see them thus irreverently laid in the street. But Forbes tells us that during his detention in France he saw tombstones, which had been taken from a demolished church, set up as tables in some public tea gardens!

The poorest towns thro' which we have past have never been without a silversmith's shop. There are three or four in this paltry

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place, so great and universal is the use of trinkets.

The coachman tells us that the women dislike the young English officers for their incivility and rudeness, but that they fear the Prussian; the one are discourteous, the others brutal. Here at Poperinge, however, the Prussians have left a good character; they paid for everything and behaved well. The English, says Sir Cochee, are in general too *brusques*; they enter a house as if it were their own. He observed that there were two sorts of men with whom it was very unpleasant to travel—the *parvenus*, and those fellows who, having nothing and being nobody at home, go abroad and give themselves airs.

One of our horses fell lame here, having strained itself in its impatience at going behind the heavy carriage. There was much difficulty in procuring another. Past several fields of beet, the effects of Buonaparte's continental system. Hop-poles are laid up much more carefully than in England, and I should think must last longer in consequence. Some dozen are fixed upright in the ground so as to form a

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parallelogram frame, within which the others are laid at length, and then thatched over. These stacks look like so many huts.

The French Custom House is at Cost Capelle. That on the Belgian side we had past without trouble or impediment at the cost of two or three franks, and the Coachmen had assured us that the same facility would be found here; but we met with a sour and surly Frenchman who insisted upon opening everything. A younger and civiler man, whose hand was itching for a five frank piece, whispered to us that he was very sorry for this, but that it was owing to the presence of the Superintendent. In these cases the Portugeeze remedy is of approved efficacy; and being patient perforce, we submitted to what at first was a very rude overhauling. The passports were found good. I had had the precaution at Ghent of having all our Waterloo swords and sabres sewn up in one wrapper, that we might not unnecessarily expose them to the eyes of the French. The smaller trophies which belonged to us were so wrapped up among our things that there was little chance of their

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being seen unless every separate article were suspiciously examined. Mr. Nash's trunk, which was behind our carriage, was produced the first, and upon opening it the first thing that appeared, lying on the very top, was the button of a French uniform, bearing the Eagle. At sight of this the old Frenchman muttered something in a very growling tone, and asked how that came there. *C'est à moi*, replied poor Mr. Nash, and put it in his pocket, turning to me with a look of such dolorous expression that it was impossible to help laughing. After opening and examining three or four trunks the men began to be tired, and they began to be civil also, seeing the good humour and perfect unconcern with which we submitted to the search. They assured us that this proceeding here would save us from a much more rigorous examination at Bergues, or Dunkirk, for their certificate would clear us at both places.

We now thought all was done. The trunks were replaced, and I had again taken my seat in the carriage when I was summoned into the house to show what money I had about me. It was the poor stock of a single guinea and a

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single Napoleon. But upon my treasurer, Koster, among eight or ten pieces four false Louis were found. We had received this money from Danot the Banker at Brussels, some days after the Gazette had officially announced that such counterfeits were in circulation, and pointed out the marks by which they might be distinguished. Mr. Nash's and the Vardons' were all good, Mr. Worth, who had cashed their bills, having been scrupulously and properly exact in examining what he gave them.

Here was an inconvenient loss, because we had aimed at taking no more foreign coin with us than would clear us out of the country. But the loss was likely to be the least unpleasant part of the business. The Superintendent (a gentlemanly man) showed us the circular letter by which he was enjoined to search all travellers for this false money, and he laid some little stress, courteously but perceptibly, upon the assumed (and probable) fact that it was of English manufactory, which we readily admitted they were likely to be. He must send the four pieces to Dunkirk, he said, and an officer of the customs must go with us to that city.

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A fellow made ready at the word with all speed to accompany us upon this pleasant errand. Upon this Koster exclaimed he would rather lose the four Louis at once. There was good reason for this, for he had more money in his dressing case, which, as the case had not been examined, he had not thought fit to produce; and because he had not produced it he was now apprehensive that further search might lead to a discovery of more of the same die, and then assuredly the endeavour at concealing them would have placed us in a suspicious light. I understood his fears, and joined with him in declaring that we did not want to be encumbered with a custom house Officer for the sake of four Louis. If they were false they might as well be destroyed where they were, and we would throw them into the fire or cast them into the nearest ditch. But the Superintendant had no authority to destroy them, nor instructions how to dispose of such false money as he found; and when we proposed to leave them in his hands, he expressed an apprehension that we might suspect him of converting them to his own use, an objection, however, which soon

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yielded to our professions concerning his honour. I am ashamed of the uncharitable opinion which I formed at the time, for upon reflection I am satisfied that the gentleman acted toward us both honourably and kindly—honourably in believing that we were not concerned in circulating base coin, and kindly in sparing us the expence and trouble to which he might have put us, and which might have been greater than he was aware of, for upon examining Koster's remaining stock, three others of the same die were discovered. The Banker's conduct was inexcusable; he was, moreover, the only Banker who made us pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for receiving gold instead of silver. So we left the Louis and proceeded.

This Custom House is about five miles from Poperinge; from Poperinge to Bergues being as many leagues. There is high ground in the distance on the left, and that eminence on which Cassel stands is conspicuous. The country is well cultivated; but along the whole line from Courtray there are no marks of prosperity, the towns are dead and stagnant, the villages without the Flemish and Brabantine characteristics

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of chearfulness and comfort. The approach to Bergues presents a not unpleasing scene—the church tower; within the works and on the summit of them a sort of pyramid or obelisk of open wood work (I know not of what use nor why erected), the fortifications, a few poplars, and an open green country. We past moat after moat, and gate after gate, till, at the inner gate, our passports were required, examined, and returned to us with much civility by a man with a wooden leg. In another minute, just as we had turned the corner close at hand, a blackguard-looking fellow stopt the Coach and again demanded them. Mr. Vardon said they had already been inspected. The fellow instantly cried out, send two armed men immediately! and two soldiers stept forward from the gate house to the horses' heads. We who saw this and had only heard the call were compleatly ignorant of what might be the cause. Edith was alarmed, and Koster, thinking at once that the Buonapartists were making a new struggle in France, said, “things are evidently in a very disturbed state here.” On we moved at a funeral pace, the two soldiers, like mutes,

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leading the way, and the whole population of this melancholy town crowding to the doors and windows, and into the street, to see a party of English travellers who had been put under arrest. At length we reached the middle of the Great *Place*, where the Commandant, coming out of an Hotel, saw us, and came to enquire into the matter. Is it, Sire, said he, that you have no passports? Mr. Vardon presented them, and told him what had past. He looked at the papers, and saying that all was perfectly correct, begged us to proceed, and reprimanded the fellow for his officious interference. The soldiers were dismissed and we drove into the hotel from which the Commandant had come out.

Here were the best beds which we had seen since we landed on the continent. While the horses rested we had some bread and cheese and indifferent wine, for which we were charged very dearly. The Flemish language seems as common here as the French, the shopkeepers using it. The belfrey is a fine tower; the town itself, like all upon this line, mournful and in decay.

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Two leagues to Dunkirk, but very short ones, along a dreary country, and for the most part of the way by the side of a canal, between the road and the sea coast. Along this canal three women and one man were, with much labour, towing a barge. Our certificates from the frontier Custom House saved us from any farther examination of baggage, and we alighted without impediment or delay of any kind at the Hotel d'Angleterre, an excellent house, where the people speak English. One room is hung with a paper representing the whole process of hunting—a sort of panorama. In another to which we removed, as preferring a grate to a stove, there is a set of ten prints upon the history of Charles 1st, some of them very finely executed by Baron and Depuis, others by Vandergucht, Epicie, Du Bosc, and J. Harris. They were published by Thomas and John Bowles, 1727. I did not think we had had any such good engraving at that time, and it is remarkable that neither Mr. Nash or I had ever seen any of the series before.

The floor of the room is painted red. The grate, which is for burning wood, stands upon a

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wide open hearth, and its brass ornaments have a sort of tin extinguisher to cover them. There is one pair of tongs of enormous weight, shaped like pincers, and another pair of very light ones, made in the form of sugar tongs.

When we went into the streets the first beggar who accosted us was an Englishwoman. The tower, which serves as a sea-mark, has no church belonging to it; there is a church opposite, to which a new and fine façade has been added. We went in and heard good music there, a man walking up and down during the service with a whip in his hand, for the benefit of the dogs. There are many large open spaces in the town, which show that ground is of little value. A tight rope dancer was exhibiting in the great *Place*, and had collected a large crowd.

Friday, Oct. 27.

We had escaped from the huge, high, uncomfortable Flemish pillows and slept last night after the manner of our own country, and in a good bedroom, which was carpeted. The charges at this excellent Inn were reasonable enough, except that of four franks for candles (the im-

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position of supplying you with wax lights having reached this place). Five franks were charged for our evening fire, one for that by which we breakfasted. Fuel is necessarily dear where wood is burnt and brought from a distance. Wine has been everywhere charged at a most imposing rate, but least of any place at Liege. It has seldom or never been below four franks (3/4d.), more frequently five, six, and even higher. Here in their list we found Ports and Oporto marked as two distinct wines at six franks each. What was here done with Port has been everywhere done with Claret and Burgundy, under different names and different prices—all comes out of the same binn.

We left Dunkirk after breakfast. The road is a straight and raised *pavée*, with a row of pollard willows on the left, and on the right a canal, half choked. Along this canal there are very many stands for fishing. An apparatus, such as we first observed at Ostend, is fixed to a stake in the middle of the canal, which is in some places so filled up that there are paths made to these stakes. The sand hills or downs (*unde Dunkirk*) were in sight, and we saw a

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great many Royston Crows. In one place there was a dry hedge constructed of reeds. The country is of the most dolorous and dreary kind. Half way (a nominal five leagues) is Gravelines. Before we entered that place we past a burial ground, in which all the ornaments are black, with inscriptions in white, the shape either a simple cross, or a cross with a triangle at the crossing part for the inscription. We found civil people at the Inn, and charges so moderate as to be strictly honest— $3\frac{1}{2}$ franks for a bottle of wine, with bread and cheese. We had been charged 18 at Bergues for the same fare, with only an additional bottle.

The fortifications of Gravelines have been very strong, and probably may still be so, tho' they exhibit marks of decay. Indeed, the whole town bears dismal symptoms of decadence, and the church tower in the great Place is cracked from top to bottom in so many places that I wonder how it can resist a high wind.

The road to Calais is as dismal as that which we had already past. Only in one place there was a scene which the contrast made pleasing—a few houses embowered among high trees at

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some little distance on the left. We seldom lost sight of the sand-hills, and never obtained sight of the sea. The villages thro' which we past were dirty, and the people as dirty as their habitations. Near Calais there is another burial ground, in the same ghastly fashion, for nothing can be more hideous and abominable than the black wooden monuments such as I have described.

At Calais we had neither difficulty nor trouble about passports. In no place does it seem more the system to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." We drove thro' gate after gate, to the number of five or six ; and upon alighting in the Inn yard of Quillacq's Hotel were beset by men thrusting their packet cards into our hands. Their vessels were to sail on the morrow morning. When they began to disperse a young English officer in uniform, of very prepossessing countenance and manners, approached, and told us that the *Lord Chichester*, Post-Office packet, which he commanded, would sail in an hour, and that the wind was fair. I objected that we could not get our trunks thro' the Custom House in time ; but he

